San Francisco, November 22, 1900

THE PACIFIC

Moore, Geo.
400 Edwards
10-01

A religious and family paper.

Volume XLIX *Number 47*

A Thanksgiving Day Prayer.

GOD of our fathers, whose mercies have not failed us in any time of need, accept now the tribute of our hearts' thanksgiving for Thy guardian care and love. For plenteous harvests gathered in our fields; for the increase of our flocks and the fruits of our orchards; for joy and comfort in our homes and all kindly social relations; for blessings innumerable which have crowned the year with good; for hopes of the future and sacred memories of the past; for the light of Thy Word and the teaching of Thy Holy Spirit—blessed be Thou, O Lord our God! Let the thoughts and affections of this day lead us through childlike faith to larger light and knowledge of Thy will. Hear us, our Father, for Thine own love's sake and, if it please Thee, renew our blessings year by year. And unto Thee be praise evermore. Amen.

—*Closet and Altar.*

Published Weekly at the Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the Publishing Company of the Pacific

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Established 1851.

Published every Thursday at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

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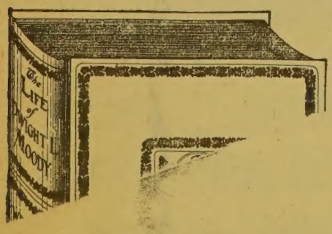

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"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, November 22, 1900

Our Thanksgiving

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
For the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept—
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good—
Quicken our gratitude.

W. D. Howells.

"Books and Novels" are the words on the sign over the door of a little book store in San Francisco. Is this an intimation that the novel is not a book? There are books and books, good, bad and indifferent. Whatever the maker of the sign may have had in mind, it is evident that there are many novels not worthy the name "book" unless books are thus classified. At this season of the year, when many books are likely to be purchased for holiday presents, it may be well for people to bear this in mind. Benjamin Franklin testified that a little volume by Cotton Mather, entitled "Essays to Do Good," read by him as a boy, influenced the whole course of his conduct in life, and that if he had been a useful citizen the public owed it all to that little book. "In any choice of books," says James Russell Lowell, always remember what Milton said, 'that a good book is the life-blood of a master-spirit'; and also recall the advice of Cato, always to 'keep company with the good.'"

"My ears will be mended before Christmas," said a little boy whose hearing had been destroyed by a severe illness. "My ears will be mended before Christmas" were his words, uttered confidently and repeatedly. And they were mended, for angelic messengers came and carried the little one into realms beyond, where life is full and untrammeled. Who impressed it so profoundly upon the little fellow's mind that his ears were to be mended—and in the few weeks that would elapse before Christmas? Ah, the bar which separates the seen from the unseen is one over which God's eye can look and across which his voice can sound so that even the deaf can hear. Martin Luther, creeping slowly up Pilate's stairway at Rome, seemed to hear ringing in his ears the words, "The just shall live by faith." There was no audible voice. But God spoke to him, and when Luther turned and went down the steps the great Reformation had begun. God's voices are many. He speaks a varied language. All may hear him, and be made to realize that whatever the defect with which they are burdened the time will come when it will be mended. Sounding today over all the earth is that voice from heaven which came to the apostolic seer when he was in the Spirit on the isle called Patmos: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away"—

"Far distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

"There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom—
And endless pleasure reigns."

Last Sunday morning, when the pastor entered the pulpit in a church not far from San Francisco, there were only nineteen worshipers in the pews, although the congregation numbered more than a hundred later that morning. Where were the ninety and nine when the service began? Some were on the way to the church; others were yet in their

homes. The Rev. Dr. Deems, writing some years ago concerning the epistle of James, said that this epistle "more than anything else in the New Testament seems as if it might have been privately written A. D. 1888 for New York and London, for California and Germany; as if the writer had taken a tour of inspection among the synagogues and churches of our day and had written in kindly expostulation and exhortation, to turn his Jewish and Christian brethren away from their errors, and confirm them in a large, strong life of fidelity and chastity and charity." If that epistle were thus written—and perhaps the higher criticism of two thousand years hence may attempt to show that it was—among the things the writer neglected to mention before he wrote the words, "My brethren, these things ought not so to be," was tardiness at the sanctuary services. In the Sabbath worship there are no preliminary services. The sermon is, or should be, but a part of one harmonious whole, leading the mind and heart into such communion with God as will send them forth to lives of consecration in the work of the kingdom. They who sleep a little late on Sunday morning, they who tarry too long over the Sunday newspaper—almost as intoxicating to some people, nowadays, as the wine-cup—they who for other causes are not in their places at the opening of the services of the sanctuary are dwarfing their spiritual life. No one can go to church simply to hear the preacher preach and get the good that the service is intended to give.

The Cradle Roll.

One of the pleasantest features of the recent annual meeting of the W. H. M. U. in Oakland was the Cradle Roll. Half a dozen children, ranging in age from six weeks to six years, were brought to the church, their names publicly enrolled as members of the Missionary Union, and certificates of membership presented to each.

It was a beautiful scene and exceedingly hopeful. The children in whose behalf that service was planned are not likely to grow up in ignorance of its meaning. The mothers who stood with them before that pulpit will not forget their own obligations, nor suffer their children to forget the great work to which they were thus formally committed. The missionary cause will find in those households intelligent appreciation and hearty support.

The scene carried the writer back to his own childhood, and to the missionary meetings and maternal associations, at which, led by a loving mother, he was a regular attendant. Those meetings—the stories then told, the prayers there offered—have been among the great formative influences of his life. He never outgrew them. It would have been a sheer impossibility for him to be an unbeliever or indifferent to the great missionary cause, at home or abroad. He takes to himself no credit for his interest in the things of the kingdom, but he does gratefully acknowledge his obligation to wise maternal love and care. A somewhat wide acquaintance, also, has shown his to be a common experience. The bulk of those whose interest in Christian missions has been broad and generous have been trained to it from youth.

To make a good Methodist, it has been said, one must be caught young. And this is true in other spheres besides. It has, just now, a special bearing upon certain grave and perplexing problems which are agitating the whole Christian world.

Here, for example, is the problem of church attendance. Sunday congregations, in general, are falling off. The men, it is mournfully asserted, are especially conspicuous by their absence. But not these alone. It is the general attendance which is shrinking. And the question goes round, Why is this? and what is the remedy? To these inquiries various answers are returned, and measures of relief are tried; but the wail continues.

The falling off in church membership is another form of the same difficulty. The great Methodist body mourns over a constantly diminishing ratio of increase. This year, for the first time, they face an actual arrest of growth. We do not wonder at the consternation with which this state of things is viewed. The Presbyterians report a net gain of only 8,000 in church membership during the past year in contrast with 40,000 four years ago. The last Congregational Year Book reports 25,514 additions to membership on confession of faith, and a net gain of only 1,640 over the year preceding, in all our 5,604 churches. Taking all

the evangelical denominations together their combined increase falls nearly 300,000 short of that reported four years since. That is infinitely pathetic. And so is the comparative decline in Sunday-school attendance. In all the Presbyterian denomination there were 5,000 fewer children in Sunday-schools than the year previous. In our own denomination there was a gain of just 294. And we are not exceptional in this. Pitiful, is it not? It becomes more so in view of the fact tht so large a proportion of those who come into avowed Christian relations did so within the ages commonly represented in our Sunday-schools. The exact proportions of religious conversion at different ages are not at hand, but they are so familiar that they need not be itemized.

But these statistics are of less importance than their explanation; and the explanation is mainly impressive, because they all, and others with them, seem to be links of a single chain, and that chain fastened to the cradle. Children are irregular or non-attendant at Sunday-school because there is but little earnest parental training leading from the family to the school; because attendance is made a matter of convenience, or off the child's whim. It is made little of in the home; and it can do little in molding the character and rendering the mind sensitive to religious impressions and influences. The Sunday-school and the Endeavor Society again do not become the portal to the church because parental care does not teach the children's feet to pass from the one to the other. Just at the age when habits are forming, other interests are allowed to become dominant and crowd out the forces which center in the church, and lead on to visions of the better life, and of Jesus, the Savior, and the true Lord of man. The great work of the kingdom is unknown, and consequently uncared for; the world and worldly things absorb the interest; religion becomes vague; Sunday, a day for sport; the powers of the world to come are unrealized; and so habit hardens into character, a character which draws one away from a positive Christian life, rather than toward it.

It is a homely way of putting it, but it is true that if the Church of Christ is to gain a soul, it must catch it while young. The Cradle Roll, with all which that implies of holiest parental love and yearning and prayer and instruction and training, is the true, the only efficient agency in the development of Christ-like character and the making of stalwart men of God. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence in this sense, and the mothers and fathers who are dead in earnest take it by

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An Explanation.

It is evident that some of our subscribers do not understand what is asked of them when a prompt renewal of subscription is solicited. If the label on a subscriber's paper bears date "September 1st, 1900," is it a prompt renewal if the money is remitted any time before September 1st, 1901? It is not. To come within the scope of a prompt renewal such an one would have to remit no later than November, 1900. Strictly, a prompt renewal for one whose subscription expires September 1st, 1900, would be on September 1st, 1900. For one whose label bears date of April, 1901, it would be in April, 1901. Similarly for other dates.

In order that we may not lose names on our list simply through the omission on the part of the people to watch the date on the labels containing their names, and to remit as soon as the subscription expires, we discontinue no subscription at the date of its expiration unless requested at that time so to do. After two or three months have passed from the date of expiration a courteous request is sent for a remittance. Were attention paid to these requests there would be each week in our possession enough money to meet current expenses.

At the end of each week we need the one fifty-second part of each subscription—nearly four cents from every subscriber. If 500 are in arrears that amount we should be $20 behind in expenses that week if 500 others were not paid that much in advance. Fortunately some are always paid in advance. These go to some extent toward balancing those in arrears, and the falling behind is not so great. But it is enough all the time to cause much worry in the effort to meet the weekly expenses.

We started October 1st, 1900, with just enough subscribers to meet expenses for the

year beginning October 1st, 1900, and ending October 1st, 1901, if every one keeps his name on the list and pays between those dates. But more than that is necessary. What we call prompt payment must be practiced all along through the year or there will be an annoying deficit. And there is no fund from which to draw. If on January 1st, 1901, we have one thousand subscriptions paid on an average three months in advance, and 1,200 others averaging three months arrearages, we shall have a deficit at that time. Not a very large one—but too large for The Pacific to bear.

We must get our people to understand and act, or there will be a continually increasing deficit, and all our plans for the success of the paper will be thwarted.

Friends, our hardest problem now is before you. You alone can solve it.

In the wisdom of our Congregational fathers The Pacific was established almost fifty year ago. In the wisdom of our Congregational people it has been maintained since then. The Congregational churches of the Pacific Coast cannot do their God-given work without it.

It is your paper. Will you not loyally support it? Please do not allow other papers to displace The Pacific. Please do not discontinue your subscription, and please plan to renew promptly. Let all who have been paying the very week the subscription expires, continue to do so, and let all others pay within two or three months of that time and a great financial burden will be removed.

The Colorado Horror.

It is difficult, at the date of this writing, to maintain sufficient calmness in dealing with the ravings of the Colorado mob. It was hideous almost beyond belief, and quite beyond description. The victim was a human brute who deserved death; and public safety demanded the extreme penalty of the law. But the orgies of those madmen expressed neither law nor justice. It were nonsense to speak of that burning as "essential justice, broken loose from civil law." It was wild revenge, bursting all restraints of humanity and reveling in indecency. It was a crime, not only against the state, but against Him who has declared vengeance to be His sole prerogative. The actors in that tragedy had first to stamp their manhood in the dust, and bring themselves to the level of the buffalo which once ranged those plains. At the best the only law they recognized was the unreasoning instinct of the bear robbed of her cubs, and its form that of Indian torture. They joined the ranks of Chinese Boxers in effecting their hellish purposes. For if, to extenuate their crime, they should plead the inhumanity of their victim ,the Boxer might retort by telling of repeated outrages to his most sacred places and religious beliefs. Nor have its participants justification for holding up their hands in affected horror at the outrages of Russian or German soldiers in China. It is time, too, for us to cease parading the superior virtue of our American civilization to that of the effete Spaniards in Cuba or the Philippines; time to arrest the complacent contrast between Northern and Southern States. A truce henceforth to gibes at Texas or Louisiana, to the outrages of Paris or New Orleans, the while, as a nation, we lay our hands upon our mouths and our mouths in the dust in penitential shame. This last inhuman crime is wanting in no feature of ghoulish enormity which the worst of those displayed. Even woman's participation was not lacking, to complete the horrors.

It is a crime against humanity. It is more particularly a blow at the nation's heart, and the fair State of Colorado; a blow from which neither can, for many years, recover, nor ever except through deepest penitence, humiliation and sorrow. The seed of lawlessness has been sown, which, under heaven's inexorable law, must ripen into a harvest of woe. It will not repress, it will develop lawlessness, violence and crime. It is a crime in which the whole state is involved. It lies at the door of the appointed guardians of society. The constituted authorities, as well as responsible citizens, are implicated. The sheriff of Arapahoe county, who delivered his prisoner to the sheriff of Lincoln county, well knowing what the result would be; Sheriff Freeman who, in the face of the avowed purpose of lynching, delivered the wretch to the mob which he knew awaited them; the governor who criminally evaded his duty of supporting the sheriff with the military arm, declaring that he had nothing to do with the matter; all and every citi-

zen who, being forewarned of the impending violence, did not, in the name of Christian civilization and civic honor—of which Colorado would wish to be regarded as an exemplar—did not cry out against the outrage—all are implicated. And all must share in the judgment which is as sure as the crime.

The Unresponsive Nine---A Plea in Their Behalf.

For nineteen centuries a cloud has rested upon those nine lepers who, after their healing "returned not to give glory to God." But wherefore? Had not Jesus expressly bidden them, "Go, show yourselves to the priests," and from them receive a health certificate? Why chide them for following out these instructions?

To make the matter clearer, let us cut out the intervening years, and locate the event in California, in November, 1900. Let us think of those men who, as our fellow-citizens—all but the Samaritan, who might as well be a Chinaman. Returning to Jesus, may have as its equivalent, attendance on the public religious services of Thanksgiving Day. One Samaritan goes up to the house of the Lord, the other cannot make it convenient to do so. What can we say in their defense?

One of them, we may say, is a man of gloomy temperament. The healing, some of its features, at least, was not at all to his mind. Few of what we call our mercies are quite as we should have chosen. There is a crook in every lot, a grief remaining, which may be nursed if one is so disposed. This man's case was not peculiar. People under such conditions are not apt to overflow with thanksgiving. He did not. In a way, he was glad and grateful, but not enthusiastic. Somehow, as he thought it over, the matter did not look to him just as it did when he cried out, "Jesus, Master, have mercy." Our blessed Lord, indeed, took his "cup," well knowing all that it contained, "and gave thanks." Many a suffering saint, moreover, out of a similar experience, has testified that there is nothing like an uplifting of the heart to God in song, and prayer, and praise, for bringing one out from under the cloud. They are ready to welcome such a special call to thanksgiving as a benediction from their Father. But our man of gloom could not be expected to do this.

Next him walks a man keenly alive to his personal importance. To him that loathsome disease had seemed like injustice, and his recovery only an act of reparation. Feeling so, he could not be expected to be demonstratively grateful. We may rejoice in our rights, but do not ordinarily give thanks for them. It is only a sense of ill desert such as prompted Jeremiah's question, "Why should a *living* man complain?" which compels thanksgiving.

The third man had his theory of the cure. It was divine power, of course, but not exclusively such. It was not Jesus only, but Jesus co-operating with his own strong faith, his hope, his mental control over bodily functions, his ready obedience—this or something like it. We are all acquainted with this man and his assumptions, his imaginings of being the fountain and not merely the channel through which God's gifts flow. Thanksgiving does not force an utterance from such lips—why should it?

Side by side with the last is the man who prides himself upon his scientific spirit. To him—after the healing of his malady has given him chance to think—the cure very likely wears the aspect of a happy coincidence, possibly a mystery, but not a miracle, for which his philosophy has no place. To him there are no miracles, only inexorable law. And that is all there is to it. We are thrown back upon ourselves as our own saviors, he thinks, through conscious or unconscious conformity to nature's law. So Jesus, in his view, must have worked. Little room for devout thanksgiving there.

A lofty spirituality is the characteristic claim of the next of the nine. He acknowledges the benefit, traces it to its true source, asserts his gratitude, but does not believe in formal or public demonstrations. He has, indeed, small respect for sacred places or services. They are well enough for such as need them, he thinks, but they represent an infantile religion. He has the substance and can afford to dispense with the shadow.

The sixth man is a jovial, rollicking, good-natured fellow, who does not think very deeply on any subject. So his restoration to health simply fills him with a jubilant joy. He is like an emancipated school boy; absorbed in the delights of recovered health and wrapped up

in the anticipations of recovered home and friends. He only wants to get to the priest as soon as possible, and have the seal put upon his happiness. He can think of nothing else. He is too happy to be thankful.

Along side of him walks one whose life has been molded by supreme reference to what is agreeable, and in whom conscience has had to wait upon convenience. Home-coming, with its pleasures, is the first thing; that done, he will take the first opportunity to thank his benefactor. This shall be a gala day for him and his, a royal dinner, and then, with the children, to that ball game, from which they have all been so long shut off.

His companion is preoccupied with other thoughts. He was a prosperous business man when the dread malady fastened upon him. Driven out from society, his business was left in the hands of friends. They have tried their best to hold it together, but it has suffered greatly. Now, if only he may get his hand upon it, ruin may be averted and his lost prestige be restored. True, as pious friends have often reminded him, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." But the man cannot see it in this light. His own part in the business is to him the only real concern. And he simply cannot afford the time to go back. He is very sorry, but time is short and burdens are pressing. So God is waved aside.

We do not feel very well satisfied with our advocacy of these men. We fear they would never entrust us with another brief. But we have honestly done our best. We more than suspect that in endeavoring to excuse, we have really been condemning them throughout. The last, the indolent man, the man who will not take the trouble to go to the place of thanksgiving, and there gratefully call on the name of the Lord—we have nothing to say either to him or for him.

So we are forced to the conclusion that the Samaritan was, after all, the only one of the nine really deserving commendation; that all the excuses which have or might be suggested, for refusing to turn back with him and bow at the feet of the great Healer, were vain. We know not, either, what better to urge upon those to whom the call for a day of national thanksgiving has come, than that it be made in truth what its name implies, a religious festival, and that before going our way to eat the fat and drink the sweet, amid cherished family associations, we first of all enter into our Father's courts with thanksgiving and His gates with praise.

A half a century ago the Congregational churches and the Presbyterian churches of the New School branch were carrying on their home missionary work jointly through the American Home Missionary Society. In December, 1848, a young man who was a graduate of Dartmouth College and Union Theological Seminary left his home in the East at the request of the society to engage in missionary work in California. His first church relations were Congregational, in his early New England home, and while at Dartmouth the same; but while in Union Seminary they were Presbyterian. He was ordained by a New York Presbytery late in the year 1848, and sailed soon for California. Landing at Monterey early in the year 1849 religious work was taken up, but no church was organized. Coming later to San Francisco he became the first pastor of the Howard Presbyterian church which was organized in 1850. He continued in that capacity for twelve years, going from that to the vice-presidency of the College of California for eight years, and then to the pastorate of the Congregational church at Santa Cruz. This Christian worker of those early days is still among us in the person of the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Willey. He has published in a little volume of 171 pages a history of the church in this city which he served from 1850 to 1862. It is interesting reading. It is history with which every one who wishes to be informed as to events in pioneer times will do well to make himself acquainted. We quote from a letter from the Rev. Dr. J. B. Clark of Congregational Home Missionary Society: "This is the kind of books that we yearn to get for our home missionary library. If our predecessors had been more thoughtful for the early stages of home missionary history, and had collected what was then possible we should be richer today in that knowledge which is growing more and more valuable with the passing years. This little volume is of special value this year when the eyes of the people are turned backward over seventy-five years of missionary history."

What Does Peter Teach About the Inspiration of the Bible

(Second Paper.)

PROF. R. R. LLOYD.

In the first paper upon this topic (Pacific of March 1st), we found that Peter, in the book of Acts (i: 16) teaches that the Holy Spirit *spake* the thoughts which are quoted in Acts i: 20, respecting Judas. A similar thought is expressed in II Peter i: 20, 21: "No prophecy of Scripture (or "a writing") is of private interpretation. For no prophecy was ever brought (or "borne") by the will of man; but men from God spake as they were borne by (*a*) Holy Spirit." To understand these verses, we must ascertain the meaning of "Scripture," "prophecy," "spake," and "borne."

The careful reader will observe that the Revised Version begins the word "scripture" with a small letter instead of the capital used in the Authorized Version. This change proves that the revisers had abandoned the belief that this noun was used by Peter as a proper name of the Old Testament, or of any part thereof. In doing this they obeyed the bidding of facts. What, then, does the word denote here? A passage, or a book. Which of these is the correct meaning? This we can not easily decide. The Greek may be rightly translated, "No prophecy of a writing." In either case, the noun is indefinite and may include Jewish and heathen books. Paul found a true prophecy in a book of the Cretan poet Epimenedes (Tit. i:12). And Jude finds prophecies in the Book of Enoch (Jude xiv). The author of II Peter doubtless believed the same as the author of Jude.

But observe the apostle restricts his affirmation to the prophecies that are in "any writing." He does not therefore include the whole writing, whether sacred or secular, in his affirmation. Peter, I believe, would be far from teaching that everything in every book of the Old Testament was entitled to be called "prophecy." Many of the Old Testament books were never classed by the Jews among "the prophets"; hence Peter would not put such among them. But every orthodox Jew and every devout heathen believed that every prophecy was the utterance of a superhuman being that spake through the human speaker. Find, then, a prophecy in any book, then this affirmation applies to it. We read into the text when we confine this assertion to the "holy writings" of the Old Testament.

Observe that Peter writes, "Holy men *spake*." This verb is used because all of the Old Testament prophecies were uttered orally before they were written. And Peter was referring in this verse to the oral utterance of the prophecies. This passage therefore cannot be legitimately used in reference to the composition of any book. The prophecies of Balaam are recorded in Numbers (xxiii: 7-10; 18-24, etc.); but Balaam did not write the book of Numbers. In like manner, the prophecies of Elijah are recorded in the Book of Kings (I Kings xvii): but Elijah did not write the book that records his God-given utterances.

In view of these facts, we go beyond the teaching of this verse, when we use it to teach that the prophets, referred to by Peter, wrote the books that contain their prophecies. I am aware that every advocate of the plenary and verbal theories of inspiration does employ this text to support his opinions. In doing so, he is wise beyond what is written here. Let us abide by the text of the Bible.

The words "borne" and "brought" refer to the same supernatural impulse. Their implications are nowhere clearly stated by Peter. There are only a few places in the Bible which help us to understand their meaning. One of these helping-passages is Acts i: 16, "The passage which the Holy Spirit spake through the mouth of David." In keeping with this conception are the words of the Savior, "It is not ye that speak; but the Spirit of your Father speaketh in you" (Matt. x: 20). Still clearer are the words of Numbers.

The angel of the Lord said to Balaam, "Only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak (xxii: 35). This Balaam interprets as follows, "Have I any power at all to speak anything? The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak" (xxii: 38). "I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord to do either good or bad of my own mind" (xxiv: 13). These passages undoubtedly teach that the actual speaker of the prophetic words was the indwelling spirit which controlled these prophets. This is doubtless the meaning of Peter. Should any one doubt this, let him read the interpretation, which Josephus gives of the prophecy of Balaam. These prophecies have a divine origin, hence must be obeyed by every Jew. The utterances of the disciples cannot be gainsaid. The apostle Peter, we conclude, teaches that the teaching of the prophecies contained in the Old Testament are the utterances of a Holy Spirit which spake through the prophets. But he does not say anything about the writing of these prophecies into our Bible, writing of these prophecies into our Bible, nor about the Bible itself.

It is estimated that the number of Germans and their descendants in the United States is 15,000,000.

The silverware belonging to Queen Victoria's table is valued at $12,500,000.

Sparks from the Anvil.

BY DR. JOHNS D. PARKER.

Science teaches that profound movements have occurred in the crust of the earth from the earliest geological times. These transitions were generally operative over long periods and effected slow changes in the ocean's level. But at the end of longer periods—for example, at the end of the Palaeozoic, Secondary and Tertiary Periods, there were profound movements resulting in an extermination of life, with an introduction of higher and better forms of life. Such movements have always resulted in the uplifting of continental areas, the introduction of higher and better forms of life, and an improved condition of things on the earth. In the spiritual world there have been similar movements, as at the transition from Judaistic to Christian economy. At the crucifixion there was an earthquake, the rocks were rent, and the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. This was a crisis, for the apostle speaks of the *power* of the resurrection, when the power of death was broken. The earthquake at the crucifixion probably rolled away the great stones placed at the entrance of many sepulchres, and when Christ arose from the dead the divine impulse was so great that many bodies of the saints which slept arose. The Shekinah became the felt presence of God wherever men bowed their heads in true obedience. The Passover ceased and the Lord's Supper was instituted, circumcision passed away and baptism was instituted, sacrifices ceased and the Lamb "who was slain from the foundation of the world" became in a special sense the propitiation for sins, and the Sabbath was transferred to become the Lord's Day. The temple and the Holy City were soon to be destroyed, and those who had been trained as spiritual guides went out to become the teachers of the whole world. Geological history has been a periodical unfolding from the lower to the higher, and so the economies of grace will unfold until Christians reach the heavenly estate.

* * *

We are told that man was made in the image of God and after his likeness. Surely there is something divine about the human soul. After all that philosophers have done, how little we know of the nature of the mind, of its powers, or modes of operation. Philosophers say the senses close, but the mind never sleeps. How can the mind cause the human body to walk across the floor? How does memory retain its impressions, and how does the imagination out of these create new forms? One sees a mountain, then he shuts his eyes and still he seems to see it by the power of memory; now new mountains seem to rise into a range of mountains by the power of the imagination. There is a fullness of the human soul that cannot be put into words, indicating its divine origin. We cannot tell all our joys or sorrows. A great writer declares he has not said the thousandth part of what is in his soul. The phrase, "overflow of soul," is very expressive. We breathe for immortality.

* * *

When the stone was rolled from the door of the sepulchre, the holy women were told to go quickly and tell the disciples that Jesus was risen from the dead, and would go before them into Galilee. Many have asked why the risen Lord should go immediately to Galilee. Do we not see in this that the risen Lord was still related to the earth, and do we not find in this fact a connection and correspondence between the earthly life and the life hereafter? Galilee had been the home of Jesus nearly all his earthly life. He had lived in Nazareth nearly thirty years, and while he lived in Capernaum, how many days he had spent in walking about the Sea of Galilee. Many of his notable miracles had been performed in the immediate vicinity of this sea. He had walked on its waters, and calmed its billows by his word, and had fed the multitude on its shore. How natural that his loving heart should yearn again for the scenes of his childhood. A boy left his home and went to college, and afterward to life's work, and was gone many years. When he returned he says he could not wait for the train to stop, but when it slowed up he jumped off and ran across the fields to see his father and mother, and be again in the home of his childhood. It seems very sweet to think that after all power in heaven and earth was given to him, even after his body was metamorphosed, Jesus should still love the land of his childhood, and his heart should yearn to see Nazareth; and we find him in a few days lingering around the Sea of Galilee, where he again feeds some of his disciples. This seems to imply that there is something very human in the life beyond. We do not forget our early life in Paradise. How our earthly joys and sorrows shall be recounted in heaven, and be sanctified!

No religious profession amounts to anything if it does not include a readiness to put one's property at the service of the Lord. It has been well said that a "personal consecration" should be spelled "a purse-and-all consecration." And the full restitution for all that has been taken wrongfully must be made by a Christian disciple, even to the stripping of himself of all his earthly goods.—Trumbull.

The number of languages and dialects spoken in the world amounts to 3,064.

Spiritual Illumination.

BY REV. DWIGHT MALLORY PRATT.

There would be no valleys were there no mountains. Life's elevations reveal its depressions. Man never knows how low down he is until he sees how high up God is. A passion for souls can only come from a vision of God, for man's need is only visible in the light of His fullness. God's glory on the mount made the golden calf hideous to Moses on his return to the valley. His ministry to humanity was inspired by the revelations of that forty days' fellowship with holy ideals, above the clouds of Sinai. Peter and James and John found earth vastly more *dis*figured after having seen Christ *trans*figured. Its need was immeasurably intensified by contrast with his radiant purity. Easter morn and the Ascension perfected the revelation and sent forth an enlightened company to challenge and overcome earth's wrong.

Passion is born of conviction, conviction of knowledge. They who are blind to heaven are blind to earth. A relaxing conviction of human sinfulness argues opaqueness of vision as to God. Saints never deny the depth or the guilt of human sin. Calvary is minimized only as human conceit shuts out the glory of the skies. On the mountain-tops of life men never exalt themselves to a place of self-sufficient righteousness. Isaiah became consciously unclean at sight of the holy Seraphim. Moral sensitiveness is toned up in proportion as moral pride is toned down. Conscience does delicate work when God is near. Sin grows small as He is removed far away. No one was so fired with wrath against sin as Jesus, for no one was ever so near the throne of holiness as he. No one ever sought the sinner with such yearning and undying intensity as he, for no one ever dwelt so near the heart of Infinite Love.

Passion for men is born of nearness to God. The fires of the church burn low when the meaning of Christ's sacrifice is no longer understood. The tonic of Christian faith and fervor is Calvary. The cross is heaven's witness to the verities of Sinai. "Sin is not imputed where there is no law." Law is God's emphasis on sin, and God's revelation of it. Aggressive work languishes when the sinner's need seems no longer imperative. The impulse of all spiritual reformation and missionary effort springs from the belief that men are lost. This conviction brought the Son of God to earth. With him the conviction was knowledge.

The moral contrasts of the Bible re-echo His teaching. In these soul-stirring contrasts are heard the reverberations of the Infinite—light and darkness, life and death, holiness and sin, love and hate, wisdom and folly, blessedness and woe, saved and lost, right hand and left, sheep and goats, mercy and judgment, Christ and Satan, heaven and hell. These eternal opposites are actualities in human life now. Men need to know them. The positive reveals the negative, not the negative the positive. On the wrong side of life men do not half know the wrong, and much less its ultimate destiny. "In thy light we see light." In thy light also we know darkness.

The great need of the church is illumination. Heaven needs no sun because the Lamb is the light thereof. He ought to be the light of his people now. Earth would cease its gropings and follies and mistakes if human reason was humble and teachable. The aim of all Christian instruction should be to lead men into the light of God as revealed on the Mount of Law and the Mount of Sacrifice. The tops of these mountains are above the clouds of earth. On these heaven-touching altitudes we learn for the first time the need of man. The ministry of Jesus is a revelation of its awful imperative. God's love, as made known in him, had in view a perishing world. The world has never been in danger of over-emphasizing its own peril. Pentecosts come when Peters so preach a crucified Savior that men are "pricked in their hearts" and repent of their sins. Augustines are born of this same conviction, and by it Luthers set the world afire.

Every age needs to kindle its zeal at the cross. The heart-beat of Christ is the only power that can quicken the heart-beat of the church. Never will the paralysis of indifference or unbelief cripple or terminate its redemptive power if it makes revelation greater than human philosophy, and views man's need from God's throne of holiness and sacrifice.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

In a Scottish valley, beside a little brook, where was no kindly soil, a Highlander once planted a tree. Of course it wilted and drooped. But suddenly, to the surprise of every one it took a new start in life, and bore rich fruit. What was the source of its new life? That was the query put by all who knew it. An examination revealed the secret. With a marvelous vegetable instinct it sent out a shoot which ran along and over a narrow sheep bridge, and rooted itself in the rich loam on the other side of the brook. From this rich loam it drew its new life. Even so the resurrection of Jesus Christ bridges the river of death that flows between earth and heaven.—David Gregg, D.D.

Mineral production in the United States this year will reach a value of nearly $1,000,000,000.

Notes on a Trip to the Mother Country.

By Prof. F. B. Foster.

X—LONDON.

I bring this series of notes to an end by a brief account of our visit to London. We arrived there from Southampton about one o'clock in the morning, and had to hunt for a hotel on both sides of the Thames until three o'clock, and visit six hotels before we found quarters in the seventh. An honest cabby charged us only four shillings for the long task!

The next morning, a short ride through Holborn, St. Andrews street, Whitehall, etc., gave us a view of the crowded streets, great monuments, public buildings, palaces, and the Abbey, which make London what it is. There was no smoke, no rain, no fog, but brilliant sunshine, as always during our three different stays in the city. When we got settled at sight-seeing on our second visit, we made the grand rounds as well as our time permitted; but the city itself, its crowds and shops and excitements, was more to us than its shows. We were there when the news of the relief of Mafeking arrived and London went wild with joy. For three days and nights there was not a moment's silence in the great metropolis. Colors, bands, thronging crowds, loaded omnibuses, flying cabs were everywhere.

When you make a prolonged stay in London you do best to find "lodgings," or a boarding house. In Bedford Place and its immediate neighborhood there are hundreds of suitable places. You are then in the very center of things, near the museum, and a mile each from St. Paul's and Westminster. The Museum has only one defect—it is too fine. It is *so* complete, *so* extensive, and *so* splendid, that at last the mind refuses to take in anything more, and you depart almost angry that you have been so taxed! It is a place for study, and no proper place for the hurried sight-seer. For example, there was a case containing gold and gilt chamberlain's keys, badges of office. I counted sixty-six of these huge things! Everything else is on the same scale. At last you cry in despair, "I simply *can't!*"

The busy streets were always interesting. Countless details of sights and scenes, things offered for sale, customs in restaurants (in some of which it is the form to keep your hat on!), methods of doing business, etc., throng to the mind. The cabs proved a great institution. A hansom cab for two persons for any ordinary distance costs but 24 cents. You were picked up at your whistle and whirled off at the fastest practicable speed and set down at your destination before you knew it. There is no other satisfactory way of getting through the streets, for stages are slow, and electric cars do not exist. Getting carriages by each other in the crowd is a great art, and the London cabby keeps a school for everybody by the most lively criticism and vigorous discussion of methods on every occasion. In fact, to get by another man in England is nothing: it must be done *a la mode*, or ——! Words fail to describe the excitement of an Englishman even in the country if you pass him to your right under any necessity! I kept my eyes open for that supposed peculiarity of the Englishman, the monocle. In all England in two months I saw just four.

The Tower was, of course, to be visited early. Most interesting to us were the two chapels, the Norman archetype of that style, in the keep—huge pillars, severe plainness—and the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the court. Here sleep the murdered queens of Henry VIII, and many an unfortunate, guilty or not guilty. The profusion of armor and royal jewelry, for which the Tower is famous, busied us longer but interested us less.

Westminster Abbey was in some respects a disappointment. I acknowledge that I am a heretic about the Abbey, and any one who wants to read orthodox enthusiasms and hysterics about it had better pass this paragraph by. As a national mausoleum of England's great men, it is impressive. No one can stand by the monuments or graves of Gladstone, Livingstone, Dickens, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Arnold, Stanley, the Wesleys, and countless others, without deep emotion. But there is a tremendous amount of monumental truck that ought never to have been put there, memorials of nobodies, and worse than nobodies; and the lack of good taste often displayed is itself monumental. Neither did I like the points in which the Abbey departs from the English cathedral type and verges towards the French, the great height, and the numerous chapels. But with all its detractions, it is a glorious church, and had I not already seen several others, I should have been more completely carried away. But one thing the Abbey has—the Jerusalem chamber, where both versions of our English Bible, the 1611 and the 1881, were made, and when the Westminster Confession was prepared.

St. Paul's was interesting in many ways; in one as an unconscious tribute to the Gothic, which Sir Christopher Wren did not understand, if he did not despise. It is on Gothic lines, and is, indeed, a Gothic cathedral done over into the classical style. Even the flying buttresses, an architectural necessity, are there, though concealed in the triforium. As a Hall of Heroes, this church's crypt, with both Wellington and Nelson, is unsurpassed.

We got into Lambeth Palace almost by accident. Finding ourselves one afternoon near it, but without a permit to see it, we made friends with a porter, and after giving in our

cards, with London address and other formalities, we were graciously and generously shown everything—the chapel where Bishops White and Provoost, the first bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church in America of the English succession, were consecrated—the library where the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln for ritualism took place. It always strikes an American forcibly to note how difficult preliminaries in England are, but how generous and full English hospitality is when once it has been extended.

When at last we left London for Liverpool to take ship, it was with a good deal of the home feeling for both London and England at large. "Blood is thicker than water"; and no American who loves the best things of his own land can live long in England without seeing that they are English by origin, and that that is truly the Mother Country. The home, the church, Sunday, Christian courtesy in common life, business honor, freedom in the state, as we know them here at their best, are all of English gift to us. To preserve and extend our English inheritance is the primary problem of American Congregationalists today.

The President's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

It has pleased Almighty God to bring our nation in safety and honor through another year. The works of religion and charity have everywhere been manifest. Our country, through all its extent, has been blessed with abundant harvests. Labor and the great industries of the people have prospered beyond all precedent. Our commerce has spread over the world. Our power and influence in the cause of freedom and enlightenment have extended over distant seas and lands. The lives of our official representatives and many of our people in China have been marvelously preserved. We have been generally exempt from pestilence and other great calamities; and even the tragic visitation which overwhelmed the city of Galveston made evident the sentiments of sympathy and Christian charity by virtue of which we are one united people.

Now, therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 29th of November next, to be observed by all the people of the United States, at home or abroad, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to him who holds the nations in the hollow of his hand. I recommend that they gather in their several places of worship and devoutly give him thanks for the prosperity wherewith he has endowed us, for seedtime and harvest, for the valor, devotion and humanity of our armies and navies, and, for all his benefits to us in individuals and as a nation, and that they humbly pray for the continuance of his divine favor, for concord and amity with other nations, and for righteousness and peace in all our ways.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-fifth. *William McKinley.*

By the President:

John Hay, Secretary of State.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

I am quite willing to second the kind words for the new Palo Alto church written editorially in The Pacific last week.

The fact that the brethren made me moderator of the council had the risk of calling on me for a deciding vote in case of a tie. But there was no need of any vote from me. There was long, faithful, patient, minute inquiry into the circumstances of the situation. So thorough and protracted was the searching for all the facts in the case that the remark was made by some one: "This seems more like a fraternal council." There was more than the usual brief prayer. Time was taken for faithful and conscientious putting of ourselves under the lead of the Spirit. When the Council voted to be by themselves we asked the church to select two of their number to enter into private session with us that in close inquiry we might get at any bottom facts which might affect our decision. You know, brethren, that the young brother at Redwood City is almost as young and impulsive as I am. What could he and I say when the fathers from Saratoga, Campbell and San Jose confessed their questions all answered and their hearts changed and their minds cleared by the convincing and faithful presentation made by our Palo Alto friends. It is not nearly an exclusively woman's church. Wise and strong brethren in good numbers joined the list of charter members which, beginning at forty, bids fair to increase without undue effort to seventy-five by the first of January.

In excellence and hopefulness of material, in record for missionary breadth and generosity, in the careful keeping of all records, in observance of the weekly prayer-meeting, in devotion to the promising town, in appreciation of the special field offered them by the great university, I speak quite within bounds when I say I never gave my part of the hand of fellowship to a more attractive and worthy company. I do solemnly believe that the great ends of missionary effort in the wide world needing Christ and of federation of those

working for him in a world where sectarian strife is sad and cruel will be furthered by this flock. We did not form the church, nor plan, nor urge it. God put and pressed it in the hearts of these, our brothers and sisters, and has kept it brooding there until all the claims of comity have been technically and spiritually met. Some who may read these words regretfully, whose convictions have been against the movement, would, I believe, have cordially voted with us had they been on the council. The council was unanimous and that with no internal argument. Our brothers and sisters convinced us of their divine right to be—and to be recognized as a New Testament Church of Jesus' Christ. If it should be that the hearts of the Stanford Faculty and Trustees should be again turned toward some good man of our faith and training, to teach ethics and lead in the arrangements for Sunday teaching in the famous chapel, it was distinctly felt by the brethren that such a church in the adjacent village would hearten and help him for his great work. The special loyalty of the church to the Palo Alto community was accentuated. But full and just weight was given to the claims of our own young people in the famous school to have the home and Sabbath training which they and we hold so dear. Broad and loyal appreciation of the importance of the great university [illegible]tion to its best and highest usefulness and good were characteristic of the bona fide Congregational council, which was entirely composed of neighboring churches in the county, an intelligent and impartial "jury of the vicinage."

Now, brethren, the little flock purpose to do without your missionary money. They bravely plan to paddle their own canoe. But they do not want to live without your love and fellowship. Call them on councils, drop in on their services, commend them to your boys and girls at the great school. Pray for them!

LOST—A GREAT FISH STORY!

In some unused pocket, in some borrowed book, under the awful pile which accumulates in the den of a poor fellow who has to serve without charge, somewhere—not lost, but lost for this busy day—a fish story. The Crater lake trout swimming into fame as Pioneer Pilgrims and wondering whether Robert McLean, Oregon's great fisherman, a Doctor John McLean, who knocks out all competition among California's Pilgrim anglers, a president, David Starr Jordan of Stanford, will be the first to capture one of them, are not in it. Rev. Joseph Rowell is. If you cannot wait until the lost acorn turns up—a little sprouted—and you meet the shell—seeker of Panama bay—ask him of his '49 bath and the monstrous shark he scared. Ugh!

RAIN, RAIN RAIN.

Now we are most ready for Thanksgiving. The rain has come. Thank the Lord for rain! It was welcome at Cloverdale because He sent it. Trebly welcome here. He sends it, and he knows need of cattle, grass, fruit-trees—men. Our valley rejoices. Praise the Lord for rain!

Fellowship.

REV. A. E. JOHNSON.

This subject appeals to a Congregationalist peculiarly, and I have often asked myself whether, as Congregationalists, we have made the most of this bond of unity in its practical aspects.

It is indeed not merely a theory of polity, but a working principle, from which we derive benefit in proportion as we recognize and observe it as such.

Frequently we have seen presented, as the result of estimates based upon the statistics of our Year Book, statements of gain or loss in the number of members of our churches. There is manifest also a desire, on the part of not a few, for some more formal bond between all our churches.

I share the pride of our denomination in all that our churches have stood for in the past, and therefore with the greater concern have asked if we have used our privilege in fellowship to the fullest extent, and whether there are not some ways of increasing the efficiency of our order. I believe there is a possibility of doing this by placing new emphasis upon the unifying principle under which our various churches now work.

I believe that fellowship has meant too little for us; that we have regarded it altogether too lightly. I believe that we have lost its sterner note, and in practice have robbed it, to an extent, of that element of exaction which it surely possessed in our acceptance of it as a theory.

I rightly assume that we wish to use every element of force which can contribute strength and efficiency to our working plan. It is a fact that we lose a good many members by their removal from the town where they hold membership and never identify themselves with a church of our order—or any other. It may be true that such members are not of the most earnest, stable character, but can we not materially aid many of these and save some by exercising greater care in providing for the transference of their interest and membership? Is it not possible, in nearly every case of removal, to learn their destination and send a letter, usually from pastor to pastor, or at least a notice to the clerk of the church in the town to which the departing member is about to go or has gone?

Many of us believe that carelessness and in-

difference with regard to our Association obligations is exceedingly reprehensible. There are some, however, who seem to regard this whole question as quite unimportant, and they work for years within the bounds of one Association while their ministerial standing and membership is continued in another, and more or less distant one.

It really seems that either the fact that they have any such membership at all is due to the claim of expediency at a much earlier period, and therefore is of little or no worth, or, as is sometimes the case, they consider that it is an advantage to hold membership in some large or prominent association, and are for this reason willing to sacrifice any benefit possible of being derived from such a relation in the association to which they should belong. A proper sense of our obligations would insure us through these channels the additional power of such unused or misused forces. Is not this a reasonable claim upon us? Is it not our duty?

Congregational ministers have always regarded exchanges as an expression of fellowship, which carried, oftentimes, immediate and tangible recompense in its practice. I wish to ask if it is not possible to realize from this custom something more enduring if we subject it to the ordinary conditions of success, i. e., that we give it a recognized place in the organization of each year's work, instead of regarding it as the accident of expediency? Besides making a limited number of exchanges an item for definite arrangement in each year's calendar, the value of such exchange would be greatly enhanced if, instead of being always between near neighbors, we early extend our invitation to the one whom it will benefit most, even though it involves considerable self-denial.

Can you or I do more than we are doing to render our ministry efficient in its relation to the larger field? If so, let us do it—now.

Antioch, Cal.

The calla lily was first introduced to Europe from Southern Africa in 1687 and has become a great favorite with cultivators all over the world. It does not like a very warm temperature nor a very cold one. It will live out in American waters, provided it is deep enough to be below the reach of absolute ice. It fills the ditches and narrow creeks in Cape of Good Hope much the same as our spatterdock would here. On account of the common calla blooming most freely in the spring of the year, it has come into general use for Easter decorations, but now the Bermuda and the Ascension lilies are often preferred, owing to their fragrance.

The Sunday-School.

The Rich Young Ruler--Wings or Weights

(Matt. xix: 16-26.)

Lesson IX, December, 2, 1900.

BY F. B. PERKINS.

Worldly advantages are wings or weights in life. Whether they are the one or the other depends upon how they are regarded, i. e., as possessions or as responsibilities—and the uses to which they are put. The whole connected series of incidents, of which Christ's interview with the young ruler forms a part, is a commentary upon his own words that "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

The picture presented for our study shows Jesus "on the way," pressing towards Jerusalem, where, as he distinctly foresaw, his sacrificial work was to culminate. His mental state was that of highest spiritual exaltation. To him thus "going forth on the way" there came a young man, an official of some sort, as was evident, his whole manner showing intense emotion, running and throwing himself to the ground, in an attitude of profound reverence. "Good Master," he cried, "what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" There was no pretense, no exaggeration in all this. His soul was stirred to its depths. And he was no common man. He was of high social standing—that was evident at a glance. He was rich, but not such an one as the shrewd and tricky steward, or as the pampered and heartless Dives, before whose door Lazarus lay and suffered. In this young man there was education, refinement, unimpeachable morals, and an altogether loveable spirit, as well as rank and money. He was just such a man as nowadays would be a great public benefactor, dispensing his charities in every direction, a bountiful helper of those in distress. But now, this man was himself in trouble. "The powers of the world to come "had gripped him, and the stereotyped formulas of the Scribes could afford him no relief. He wanted to get hold of the eternal realities, and to feel the solid rock of divine approval beneath his feet. But something hindered him; what he knew not—type in this of how many hearts in our own day and every community. And so to this wonderful, heart-searching, saintly, Galilean rabbi, he was come, to fling himself at his feet and be taught the way of life. So far everything was hopeful. He had come to the right place for wisdom, and there was much to encourage.

But his disadvantages were no less marked And they grew out of what might seem the most hopeful features of his case. They inhered in his position as a wealthy member of the ruling class. His distinctions were, to him,

not trusts but possessions. Chief among these were those which centered in his money. He may have suspected the others, and by an act of heroic sacrifice have broken away from them; his action in going out to seek counsel from this proscribed Nazarene would seem to indicate as much. But this, the chiefest of his disabilities was apparently unrecognized, and so he was, after all, a man of the world. His whole conception of eternal life was of quantities, rather than qualities; something to have and to hold, rather than to be; satisfactions to be imparted, rather than outgrowths of a righteous soul; distinct from character, to be inherited on the ground of merit, but not themselves the fountain of goodness. Quite naturally, he uses language in the same loose day with which we are all too familiar nowadays. It is "good Master," "good th[illegible] "do," "have," "inherit." He was sincere as far as he went, but his eyes were blinded; he "knew not what manner of spirit he was of."

This was the task set before him who was at once incarnate goodness, truth and love, to so reveal that heart to itself as to lift it above its misapprehensions, and draw it into the fullness of that eternal life in which he himself abode with the Father. To this service he was moved by an even, unwonted impulse. His love for that young Man came to have in it something of pecuilar tenderness. His manner of helping him also was characteristic of himself, and is profoundly suggestive to any one who would be a helper of distressed souls in their sore need. He met the young man upon his own ground, in order to lift him higher.

Gently drawing attention to his inquirer's loose use of that great word "good," he goes on to refer him to the commonly recognized summary of religious obligations, and, among these, to those which would seem least applicable to the case in hand. He did it, however, in such a way as to infuse far deeper significance into the idea of goodness than the young ruler had ever seen in it. It does not matter much upon what divine sanction you fix, he would seem to say, its faithful observance is the entrance into the real eternal life. His hearer caught at the words but did not grasp their deep significance, and with a relieved heart declared his ability to meet those conditions, and Jesus does not dispute the assertion. But was this all?

Nay, says the wisely loving Teacher, to enter into life is one thing, its perfect enjoyment is quite another. If, therefore, thou wouldst be perfect, dispossess thyself of all thy property; distribute it in charity, and then come, take up a life of daily sacrifice like mine own. "Sell," "give," "follow"! Now the eyes begin to be opened. The sore has been touched, and the young man's outburst of pa[illegible] that he understands at last. This is the barrier which has withstood all his efforts to realize, in his own soul, the blessed eternal life. The issue is plainly joined; it is his, against himself! his money, or his life. "And he went away sorrowful, for he was *very* rich." The strain was too great. Do we not seem to see those love-lit eyes, turning from the sad issue of what began in such promise, while, to the disciples, he teaches the lesson of charitable appreciation. Appreciative sympathy and strict fidelity mingle in his words: "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye," he reminds them, "than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

Did the young ruler ever rise from this defeat and gain the higher levels of life; not merely enter into it? We know not, we only hope that the love to which all things are possible was in the end victorious and that "following his incarnate Lord," that amiable young man did "possess the promised rest."

But the incident does certainly show how doubtful a good are those distinctions upon which men are apt to pride themselves. But for these envied "vain glories of life," many an one, now held down to worldliness, might rise to the heights of spiritual attainment, might "walk with God" in a perpetual paradise. It may, it ought, to evoke charity far more than is common for those who are forced to struggle against those heavy weights, which worldly prosperity heaps upon all but the most resolute souls.

It may well make for the contentment of those who are called to fill a little space in earthly circles; for sure it is that, whether for the high or the lowly, there is no substitute, as a condition of eternal life, for unreserved submission to God's will, especially as that will is revealed in the sacrificial life and controlling spirit of Jesus Christ.

The opinion of medical men that eight hours is sufficient sleep for a normal adult seems to be quite unanimous. I find this period stated in not less than twenty works by men whose authority is unquestioned. It is a curious fact that men of genius have, as a rule, required a less number of hours for sleep than eight. For example, Napoleon, Mirabeau, Goethe and Humboldt all slept for an average period of less than eight hours. One of the characteristics of these great minds seems to hae been an endurance that enabled them to perform an enormous amount of mental labor without tiring. We learn, however, from those who surrounded them, that when they did sleep oblivion was complete. Their recuperative powers seem to have been as remarkable as was their mental activity.—Dr. Cyrus Edson.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Spending Time and Taking Pains for Christ. (Matt. xxv; 1-13.)

Topic for December 2d.

Perhaps the saddest cases of failure in this world are those of people with good intentions. Many persons mean no harm, but they do harm. They point the gun at some comrade. It is discharged and the victim falls. They play a trick upon some unsuspecting friend, and he is injured. They spread a story that immediately takes on a serious aspect, and friendship is wounded beyond healing. These persons meant no harm. They intended to be only playful. They had no idea that their little pranks were to result as they did. No one is more surprised than they. Indeed they are quite offended if they are held responsible or are blamed for the painful effects of their conduct. The defect in such minds is that they do not understand that we are responsible for the end of our actions as for the beginning. We must think things through, as much as is possible, before we begin them. We must take time and pains to see where our course of conduct will land us at last.

* * *

Then, there are those who, all the while, are filled with good intentions. They go to college with the good intention of making a worthy record. They go into business intending to be clean and industrious. They undertake the care of a household with the resolve to make the home attractive and wholesome. These people talk well. They promptly respond to all that you may say upon high ideals. Always they have just been thinking about the very lofty purposes you are commending. But the fact is they have failed all along the line. Sometimes they will acknowledge it, and find an abundance of reasons for it quite apart from any lack in themselves. Often no one is so sorry for their failure as they are. They wonder why they have such luck. Not infrequently they go into the condition of chronic complaint of their lot, and sink into a kind of sunless despair. All this comes from the lack of taking time and pains to carry these good intentions out.

* * *

The pathetic feature of this passage in the writings of Matthew is that this is true of the Christian experience. Here is a company of young people who are just delighted to take part in the wedding festivities. They all meant to be on hand promptly. They all made some preparation. Not one of them meant to fail. Every soul of them was filled with good intentions. But half of them did fail. Just at the critical moment there was something lacking. It is not very profitable to spend our time in trying to discover what the oil refers to—whether it means prayer or the Holy Spirit, or whatever. That is not the important question. The sad result would have been the same if they had forgotten their lamps, or had been too sleepy to waken at the summons.

* * *

The truth is their preparation had not been thorough enough. They had not thought the event through. They had not taken time and pains enough to provide what they might have known they would need before the night was over. Their good intentions were manifest, but they were careless. Perhaps they laughed at their companions who were more thoughtful and strict with themselves. Can you not hear them saying: "O what is the use of buying our oil so early? I would rather have a good time; and when we hear the call we can get more oil, if we have not enough. I believe our lamps will last long enough any way. You people are too fussy about this little matter. Even if we are a little late, I never will believe that our friend, the bridegroom, would ever shut the door upon us. I'm going to bed, and get my oil when I am sure I shall need it." I fancy I detect a strain of sadness in his language as Jesus tells this story.

* * *

Whether this is only a fancy or not, there is a sadness in the actual story of our lives. To hear the testimonies in our meetings, and to see the crowds flocking to conventions, and to listen while multitudes assert their good intentions, and then to see how many lack something just at the critical time, is, perhaps, one of the most suggestive experiences in this Christian warfare. The fact is that the unwillingness to take pains will account for, by far, the larger part of any failure in our individual lives or our united undertakings. If you and I do not realize the power we ought to feel in our Christian life, oftenest it is because we will not give the time or take the pains our religious culture requires. If we fail in the value of our service, the usual reason will be that we do not take the time and exert the effort of which our Lord's work is worthy.

* * *

Time and painstaking for Christ will accomplish everything that our Master expects us to be or to do. This is his law of Christian experience. It will make any Christian happy; it will make him efficient; it will make churches prosperous; it will fill the treasuries of missionary societies; it will overcome any opposition; it will convert the world. I have yet to see the first failure in Christian life or effort which did not occur because somebody failed to give time and take pains for Christ.

Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California.

The W. H. M. U. of Southern California is making a special effort to have Children's Home Missionary Sunday observed in all our churches. The object is to have a home missionary offering from each Sunday-school, so far as possible, and to this end the tent mite-boxes are supplied to those Sunday-schools that desire them, together with certificates which show that those who return the tents, with ten cents or more in each, are enrolled as members of the Boys' and Girls' Home Missionary Army.

The last Sunday in November, the 25th, has been appointed as "Home Missionary Rally Day," although some schools may prefer some other date. The following program is suggested as one that could be easily prepared by any school. Good music will help to make it bright and inspiring, while each school may add to it such features as seem specially desirable. Experience has shown in many cases that a careful use of the pretty tent mite-boxes rouses a lively interest in the children and brings a goodly return to the W. H. M. U. treasury. We ask all our auxiliaries to try the plan, and let us know how it works in your school.

PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN'S HOME MISSIONARY SUNDAY.

1. Song.
2. Welcome. Manual, page 59.
3. Prayer.
4. Scripture. The Good Samaritan.
5. Song.
6. Children's Home Missionary Rally Day: its Origin; its Work. (A talk by pastor or superintendent. See Home Missionary for Oct., 1891.)
7. Recitation, A Little Heart and How It Grew. Manual, page 16.
8. Reading from Leaflet.
9. Anthem by Choir.
10. Recitation, The Lighthouse Keeper. Manual, p. 16.
11. Work of Bethlehem church, by some one who has seen it.
12. Song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."
13. Recitation, Money to Lend. Manual, page 12.
14. Collection. Tents and certificates given out.
15. Song, "America."

Benediction.

The manual, tents and certificates will be furnished free on application to Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont, Cal.

MONTHLY PROGRAM.

Subject, "The Rising Race."

1. Devotional.
2. Roll-call—responded to by items of missionary news.
3. Paper—The Past and Present Condition of Our Negroes.
4. Needs: (*a*) Schools—"Color and Culture; (*b*) churches—"The Present Religious Condition of the Negro"; (*c*) homes—"Life Among the Colored People."
5. Selected song.
6. Prayer.

Consult "The Feudal South," "The Historical Development of the Negro," "A Plea for Colored Girls," and other A. M. A. leaflets. Also Congregational Work and Files of American Missionary.

For general literature apply to Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont.

True contentment is not the stagnation of the soul, without aspiration and without want. It is the repose of the soul which is doing its best, and which, above all, trusts in the mercy of heaven to heal wounds and satisfy hope.—David Schaff.

The interior of every human life, as really as of the universe, is enfolded in mystery. There is a deep in every soul which none but the Eternal Eye can penetrate.

The Baby

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—George Macdonald.

The Home.

In an Ever-Widening Circle.

Who can tell where the effects of a good deed will end? Ofttimes it spreads in an ever-widening circle, till the little action scarcely noticed at the first has become the fruitful cause of immense good.

It is related that some years since a boy in the State of Pennsylvania gave some money to buy Bibles for people who could not buy them for themselves. It was not a large sum, but in the end it did a great deal of good. The man to whom he gave it (Rev. G. F. Dale) went as a missionary to Syria.

One day a lad came down from one of the little villages among the mountains and asked for a Bible. He had an old silver coin that he had plowed up on the plain of Coele-Syria. This he offered for the Bible. It had no intrinsic value, but the missionary took it and gave him a Bible bought with the Pennsylvania boy's money.

Some time after the Bible had been given the lad appeared again, and told the missionary that his people had tried to get his book away from him in order to destroy it. But he had made a chest for it with a lock and key.

The missionary had to return to the United States for rest and to renew his strength. On his return he was told that two young men were to be received into the church the next Sunday. What was his surprise and joy to find that the boy who gave the coin for the Bible was one of them. He had studied the Bible and it had led to his conversion. The boy in Pennsylvania heard of it and rejoiced. He had helped to convert a heathen. The boy in Syria became a Christian worker.

It is for us to do right. In the providence of God lies the result. He alone knows the intricate relation of all things.

The Children's Interests

Serious consideration of the manifold responsibilities implied in the subject of this article will call forth the honest admission that their exactions are often only feebly recognized and in many directions wholly disregarded. Not every mother appreciates the dignity of her position, or realizes the extent of the influence which she is to exert upon the future of her child.

The exemplary mother who is personally acquainted with every feature of her child's life, its characteristics, strong or weak, and solicitous always in the well-being of the future man or woman, is not, it must be confessed, the every-day mother. Analysis of the prevailing attitude toward the nurse-maid question will endorse this declaration.

A pitiable commentary on our system is established through inquiry into the career of the modern servant, whose first situation, it almost invariably appears, was that of nurse-girl. Utter incompetency and inexperience allied with such a responsibility! It is the order of the day, however, in innumerable instances, to send an infant forth with an untutored, irresponsible, though well-meaning creature, whose mind and eyes are on everything and every one but her precious charge.

Who has not seen a tiny child lifted by one wrist over a street crossing; or a baby carriage jolted down from the sidewalk in a manner to make one thrill with anxiety and compassion? In my memory lingers a scene never to be forgotten, where a heedless nurse-girl in evident haste to reach a distant point, whether for a purpose of her own or following the instructions of her mistress, directed the baby carriage with such impetus from the curbing that the infant was thrown headlong.

Sympathetic protest on the part of a stranger, in behalf of a child lying with tender eyes exposed to strong sunlight, is often unavailing. The glare of even an overcast sky is not bearable to unprotected eyes, while the white silk parasol is no safeguard without special interlining. Let the mother who has hitherto disregarded these conditions test them for herself, and then consider the inhumanity of subjecting a helpless infant to such cruelty, and reflect upon the irremediable injury that is likely to result to the most precious of gifts, the sight. In response to entreaty against this feature, on one occasion, a young mother smilingly refused even to change the little one's position, remarking that "the baby was used to it."

Then, the unscrupulous nurse-maid has the opportunity in her outings of surreptitiously visiting acquaintances in places where the child may become exposed to contagious disorders and other dangers. There are innumerable possibilities of injustice to the young child in this faulty system; it is given over to close companionship from which the mother would recoil, and introduced to many baneful elements on the very astonishment on existence. And yet parents will be found to profess wonder and aggrieved astonishment on hearing from a child expressions wholly foreign to their own lips and lives.

It is to be hoped that the future will develop a condition, as regards the servant problem, in which the guardian of the nursery will be a gentlewoman of refinement, intelligence and fidelity—a condition which will permit insistence on these qualifications as credentials. There is room, there is crying need for her today. In a few favored instances, she has already been discovered, to her own happiness

and that of the home where she presides; occupying no menial position, but finding herself a respected companion and friend to the mother, beloved and admired by her little charges, to whom she imparts those gentle, estimable traits which are natural to herself—the ordinarily well-educated woman thrown on her own resources, who is capable of appreciating the shelter of a substantial home—and receiving a fair remuneration for the exercise of her capabilities and gifts.

No good parent omits to inculcate politeness and considerate courtesy, wholly apart from familiarity, in the attitude of the child toward any servant. This should be made most stringent, under pain of punishment. It ennobles the child and endears it to the employee in a manner productive of happy results throughout life's progress.

A promise, whether of reward or the reverse, should never be made to a child unless the parent sees the way clear to its fulfillment. It is an extremely easy matter to make a promise; sometimes difficult to keep it. And while the careless parent may forget the circumstance, not so with the child, with whom it is no trifling affair; the loss of faith in its parent's reliability is a serious matter, and will lead to irremediable consequences.

It is not possible to lay down positive rules toward training children. It rests with the conscientious mother to reach a perfect understanding of her children's natures and to plan her system and discipline accordingly.

A mother of a model family of sons and daughters embodying a versatility of manners and characteristics that excite constant admiration, on being questioned as to the means by which she had reached so enviable a result, smilingly and thoughtfully replied: "A different method with every child. I had so many temperaments to contend with and control—grave and gay, dependent and self-reliant, yielding and firm—that careful analysis revealed the necessity of varied ways and means."

Not every mother, however, realizes the meaning of her prerogatives with sufficient keenness to adhere to so dutiful a standard; that within herself lies the moulding of future happiness for her children and herself, though at the cost of much patient effort, and that the pampering of the whims and caprices of childhood stands only for immediate unsatisfactory conditions, as well as untold prospective bitterness. If not in one's own circle, any summer hotel veranda has revealed the mother whose growing sons and daughters verify the above—the woman whose children have not the grace to attempt concealment of their disregard and contempt toward the parent who at times does not hesitate to seek general sympathy in the humiliation to which she is subjected by those whom she has petted and indulged from birth. Her punishment at such hands is sorrowful to behold, but it cannot be denied that it carries a wholesome lesson.

The true mother should be able to admonish, chasten and guide her children, boys as well as girls. There are unfortunately some sad instances where a boy begins in his early years to grow beyond maternal management. The mother, in a false idea of solicitude, knowing that the father's acquaintance of the child's fault would lead to chastisement, permits herself to become an agent in concealing a true knowledge of the boy's character, to his present and subsequent misfortune. The steps by which such cases develop are familiar to almost every one. The child, naturally, with a thorough intuition of the situation, usually preserves in his father's presence a most correct attitude and shows a behavior beyond criticism; then, later on, seemingly to make up for his enforced self-control, he will give full reign to every vicious impulse, visiting upon the head and heart of his gentle but weak mother all the suffering which his inclination prompts. The boy grows to be a hopeless incarnation of deceit, selfishness and cruelty; and the sin of it lies with the mother, who imagined that she loved him.

It is not commendable to carry to the father tales of slight derelictions on the part of children, for it lies within the mother's province to correct and eliminate them; but when she finds herself incompetent to accomplish these results unaided, there is no justification which can condone her concealment of the true condition of affairs. It becomes due to her children as well as to her husband that he thoroughly understand the situation, in order that his influence and stronger characteristics may become factors in remedying the evil ere it be too late.

A beautiful example of paternal interest and dutiful regard is illustrated in the family of a man of high standing, a bright light in the legal profession, whose children from earliest years have acquired, and still retain the habit of communicating to their father, every evening, any fault of which they may have been guilty during the day. They do this frankly, seriously, fearlessly; while he in turn lovingly and carefully reasons with and admonishes them in a way inures their own ultimate happiness and benefit. No father should live in ignorance of his children's good or bad inclinations. Let the mother see to this.

In regard to the companionships of children, scarcely too great precaution can be exercised. Ofttimes it becomes difficult, because of one's own social attitude, to draw a line which judgment dictates. An acquaintance, a neighbor harmless in herself, perhaps, but careless of her parental obligations, whose children's

characteristics and tendencies are reprehensible, will become aggrieved unless intimacy exist among the younger set.

This is the emergency which the conscientious mother must face on one principle: namely, her duty to her offspring. If tact and diplomacy fail, then she must send conventionality to the winds, whatever the cost, in her determination and declaration that her children's associates shall not be detrimental. —Margaret Hall, in The Delineator.

A Long but Happy Journey.

There is a hint in the following incident of the way in which children may be trained so as not to regard death as the king of terrors:

That night, before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responded with joy to the invitation.

She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were: "I am going on a journey."

"A journey?" cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice, "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall go. You wil' come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which mother had safely arrived while she slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her?" they asked, amid their tears.

"'The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother they say, "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick," and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—Detroit Free Press.

The wise man makes hay while the sun shines, but the fool sows wild oats by gaslight.

Our Boys and Girls.

Thanksgiving at the Grahams'.

BY W. C. JOHNSON.

"Aren't we going to have any Thanksgiving at all, Aunt Amy?" asked Ruth. "And we have always had such splendid ones," chimed in Nellie. "And I wish Grandma hadn't sent for mamma," said little Elsie, the tears already in her voice.

Ralph laughed in his hearty, boyish way as he laid down his book; then he picked up his little sister, and, placing her on his knee, he bounced her about till she screamed with laughter.

"So my little lady thinks we won't have much of a Thanksgiving?" said he. "Nonsense! never you mind. Auntie expects to play mother now." Ralph was a great admirer of Aunt Amy.

Auntie looked up from her work and smiled brightly at the sober faces as she said, "You may put away all your anxious fears, my dears. We do not expect to give any invitations for the day, but I intend to make it pleasant for you all. I know of a plan which, if carried out, will give you a splendid day. I wish each one to think of some way in which you can make one person really happy. There are six of us, and if we do this there will be six happy people by night. Just think of it! You will have a week in which to plan for it, and we will report on Thanksgiving evening."

"Aren't you going to be in it, too, auntie?" asked Elsie.

"Why, of course; you and I cannot get along without each other," was the reply.

"Well, Miss Elsie, if your fit of the blues has forsaken you, I must go," said Ralph; and the cheery boy scampered off.

Thanksgiving Day was clear and bright, and the Graham family were gathered in the parlor ready for church. "Where is Nell?" said papa.

"She asked to be excused from church," said auntie, as she tied the blue ribbons over Elsie's brown curls.

"Oh, she may come tagging on behind, and if she doesn't, she will make her appearance at the dinner table, you may be sure," said Ralph mischievously. "I will lead the procession with my little nag," and he gave auntie a comical look as he waved a good-bye.

Papa and Aunt Amy had decided to dispense with a turkey dinner in mamma's absence. However, auntie meant to make her dinner a success, and on this particular Thanksgiving Day the table looked very bright and pretty with its spotless linen, sparkling glass and silver. Auntie had arranged a pretty bouquet at one end, while a basket of fruit decorated the other. Sarah Ann

had placed a duck, beautifully browned, before papa's plate, and with vegetables, hot coffee, cranberry tarts and pumpkin pie, the dinner was fully appreciated by the hungry children, who came trooping in just as the dinner bell rang.

"Where have you been, Nellie? Your cheeks are as red as roses."

"Come into the parlor this afternoon and I will explain," she answered.

"All right, I suppose it will keep—at least, until these goodies have been tested. I call this a delicious dessert," he added, as he finished his pie and tarts.

"Now I must divide this basket of fruit which was sent me, for I don't intend to be selfish," said Aunt Amy. "Here are several little boxes which I will fill with grapes and nuts; do you know of any sick girl or boy to whom you would like to give them?"

"Oh, thank you ever so much! Why, auntie, I think you are splendid," cried the children, delighted.

"Let's see, there is poor little Annie—and lame Johnny," added Ralph. "Very well, they are welcome to them."

"Now scamper away with your boxes and make your calls while I clear away the remnants of this feast, for I wish to give Sarah Ann a holiday," said Aunt Amy; "but don't stay too long," she added as she kissed them good-bye.

Auntie was having a lively frolic with Elsie when papa came in.

"You all look very wise. Now, Miss Nellie, give an account of yourself."

"Oh, papa, I had such a pleasant morning," said Nell. "I coaxed Mrs. Newman to attend church. I told her I would attend to the baby and amuse the little girls, and at last she consented. I sang the baby asleep, and put him in his cradle; then Jane and I planned to surprise her by having dinner all ready. She came home looking so pleased and rested, and thanked me so heartily, and—well, I'm glad I did it," she added with a laugh.

"And where did you go, Ralph, with the pony and phaeton?" asked Nellie.

"Why, I carried lame Johnny to church. How delighted his mother was that he could ride out! He enjoyed the music and the flowers; he likes to read, and I shall lend him my papers. Dear me! I think I've been as blind as a bat not to do these things before —Aunt Amy has opened my eyes.

"That's right, Ralph—make all the sunshine you can and you will never regret it, my boy."

"And what has daughter Ruth to say for herself?"

"Nothing worth mentioning, papa. I only carried a warm dinner to Old Uncle Tom and Aunt Sally."

"Yes, and she wanted to do it all herself," chimed in Elsie, "so she made two trips."

"Bravo, my child! And did they like it?"

"Well, I should say they did! I fixed their fire and set the table the best I could, and when I placed all the food with the hot coffee and pie on the little table, they just sat down and cried, they were so glad."

"Well, I am sure that was a compliment to your practical benevolence. Yes, they really need help—you must go often to see them," said her father.

"Now, what did my little pet do?" asked papa.

"Isn't it Aunt Amy's turn?" said Elsie, who was bubbling over with pleasure.

"Oh, we all know what Aunt Amy has done. She helped Sarah Ann with the dinner and did lots of others things besides."

"Well," said Elsie, "I had to 'fink' all day what to do and it made me tired. Then Aunt Amy helped me—she painted dolly's cheeks red, and we made a cunning dwess and hat, and then I 'cided quick to give it to Lucy Seaman. She broke hers last week. I guess she thinks the world of it; she hugged it just as tight, and said she would take it to bed with her."

"Oh, Elsie, you are so funny!" cried the children amid peals of laughter at this information.

"Won't you keep still? I want to know what my papa did," exclaimed Elsie.

"Me? Oh, I ate a big dinner and then wrote a long letter to mamma; isn't that best of all?"

As they were enjoying their fruit, nuts and cake at the tea table, the children all agreed that they had had a splendid day.

"And you may be sure," said Ralph, "I shall not wait till another Thanksgiving Day to do a few favors."

And he kept his word.—Christian Work.

A Famous Bell-Tower.

It stands in the more famous Kremlin of Moscow—"Mother Moscow" as the Russians affectionately call the cradle city of their empire. All around it cluster the gilded and gay-colored domes of the many cathedrals of the Kremlin—the fantastic pinnacles of St. Basil, the thirteen quaint cupolas of the Assumption, the fortress-like church of the Archangel Michael and the picturesque roofs of the Annunciation. There is no end, apparently, to the cathedrals and churches within the white wall of the Kremlin, and Ivan Veliki is bell-tower for them all, standing almost in the center, with its chime of forty bells, some of which are of pure silver. It was counted, in the last century as one of the wonders of the world, and to this day the orthodox Russian crosses himself devoutly as he passes it.

The story of its building is a better one than that of many historical towers. At the close of the sixteenth century, after the bloody and cruel reign of Ivan the Terrible, Moscow was reduced to a fearful state of famine. Men were murdered and eaten, and tradition even says that human flesh was sold openly. The Tsar Boris, the successor of Ivan the Terrible, caused the granaries and stores of the city to be burst open, and the grain sold at nominal prices, and to give the poor the money to buy food, he decided to build this tower, and thus provide employment and wages. It took several years to build, for the foundations were laid one hundred and twenty feet below the surface, like one of the "sky-scrapers" of our day; and the great tower rears its gilded head three hundred and twenty feet above the ground, looking down over Kremlin and city alike. No wonder it is called "Big Ivan"—for that is what its quaint name means.

Ivan is the Russian equivalent for John, and in the basement of Ivan Veliki is the chapel of St. John, while connected with the bell-tower are two other belfries, forming part of its mass—the Assumption Tower and the Tower of Philaret. In the Assumption Tower the largest bells are hung. And how many bells there are! Bells of copper, bells of silver, bells of bronze, large and small, new and old. If the traveler expects them to swing to and fro, like Western bells, he is soon undeceived. The Russian bell-ringer sounds his bell by moving the clapper with a rope; but he gets fine music from it, just the same. When we consider that the clapper of the "Tsar Kolokol," or Great Bell of Moscow, is fourteen feet long and six feet in circumference, we can realize that the Russian bell-ringers must be a stalwart race of men. It used to take two dozen of them to ring it in the seventeenth century, before it fell from its place.

Every visitor, of course, wants to see the big bell. Broken and flawed, it is still most imposing, upon its pedestal at the foot of Ivan Veliki. It belongs, too, to the reign of the merciful Tsar Boris, and rang out from the belfry until 1636, when a fire, burning its wooden supports, sent it crashing to the ground, cracked and useless. It was recast in 1654, but the Russians had evidently learned nothing by experience, for it was again supported by a wooden beam. Fires were frequent in the Kremlin of old, and in 1706 the beam was burned and Tsar Kolokol took another disastrous tumble. It was recast again in 1733, but ill luck seemed to attend it, as its present dilapidated condition shows. It was put upon its pedestal by order of Tsar Nicholas, in 1836, and as it weighs one hundred and eighty-five tons, it is not likely to be moved again. The figures upon it are those of the Tsar Alexis and the Empress Anne, and there is a long inscription, telling how the "majestic Empress-Autocrat Anna Ivanova, for the glory of God" had the bell melted and re-cast for the last time. Some idea of the imposing size of the Tsar Kolokol may be gained from the fact that the fragment broken out is seven feet high and weighs eleven tons.

Another big bell, which hangs in the Assumption tower, was re-cast in 1817, having been wrecked by the mine exploded during Napoleon's occupation of the Kremlin in 1812. The "Thunderer," another bell of thirty tons weight, also fell in 1812, but luckily was not broken. The oldest bell in Ivan Veliki dates from 1550, for the Russians did not have bells as early as Western Europe, where bells were cast in Italy as early as the ninth century. The casting of these bells was a state function as well as a religious ceremony as late as this century. Dr. Lyall, who was present in 1817 at the casting of the great Assumption bell, tells us that before the casting began the Archbishop Augustine went into the cavity into which the metal was to run, sprinkled it with holy water, gave his benediction to the managers of the foundry, and called the workmen to receive a special blessing. When the casting was finished, the archbishop gave thanks to God; and when the bell was ready to be taken to Ivan Veliki, the "Te Deum" was sung, the bell placed upon an oak sledge, and drawn by the people in procession along the whole length of the Kremlin wall to the Borovitski Gate, and then to the great bell-tower, where the "Te Deum" was again chanted, and the crowd dismissed.

To the traveler who knows anything about Russian history, the square which Ivan Veliki overlooks is one of the most interesting in the world. Here the religious processions have formed since the middle ages; here, when Russia was but an infant kingdom, fighting for life against the heathen hordes of the Tartars, the brave Tsar Dmitri unfurled the Christian standard, and gathered his army to go forth and meet the Kahn Mamai; here Tsar after Tsar has passed to his coronation or been borne to his funeral. On this terrace Ivan the Terrible, at the height of his power and cruelty, insolently drove his iron-shod staff through the foot of the messenger of his nobles, and here he viewed with terror the comet said to foretell his death, and crouched, excommunicated and trembling, before the closed door of the cathedral. Here, from the window of the Tsar's palace, a basket for the petitions of the people was daily lowered; here the cruel pretender Dmitri was assassinated; here the Tartar horde in 1382, the Polish army in 1611, the grenadiers of Napoleon in 1812, have all paraded as victors over "Holy Moscow." But Moscow has survived them all, and is more Russian than ever. St. Peters-

burg, among its northern marshes, may be the modern capital of the empire, yet white-walled and golden-domed Moscow is "Mother Moscow" yet, and no Tsar can be crowned except here, in the Kremlin, under the shadow of Ivan Veliki, and within the sound of its liquid-chiming bells of silver.—Mary Whiting Adams, in The Churchman.

Luck or Work.

"I am going out to hunt for four-leaf clovers," said Florence May to her brother George. "I hear mamma say to papa, 'Everything seems to go wrong this morning. Bridget burned the toast, George cut his finger and Baby Nell fell out of her high chair.'"

"What did papa say to that?" asked George, and added, "I tell you, Florence, my finger hurts."

"Oh, papa only patted mamma on her shoulder, kissed the baby, and said, 'Luck will change. Three times and out, you know, is the proverb.'"

"I'd like to know what papa meant by 'three times and out,'" said George.

"Oh, I guess he meant you and I and baby were to go out of doors, so mamma could have time to work."

"Well, let's take baby and go, then," said George.

"No, I know a better way. I heard Dorothy say to Margaret she was going to see how many four-leaf clovers she could find, and so keep her luck good. And when I asked her what good luck was, she laughed and said, 'Good times and lots of nice things.' And if mamma doesn't deserve the most beautiful things, who does? So I'm going to put in my time hunting for good luck leaves for my precious mamma."

"But who'll take care of the baby?" asked George.

"Oh, when I find my clovers we will be rich, and we can have a maid, and mamma can be dressed up in silks and laces as fine ladies are in the fairy stories."

"But, Florence, baby is crying now, and mamma is trying to take care of her and work, too," said George.

Florence did not stop to hear more. She was flying down the path to a large clover field, and was soon deep in the clover blossoms, hunting for the lucky leaves.

George did not follow her. He could not keep baby's crying out of his ears, even when he clapped his hands over them. Something seemed to say, "Mamma needs me now," and finally saying to himself, "While Florence hunts for four-leaf clovers to bring a maid for baby and everything nice for mamma, I'll see if I can't help her myself."

So into the house he hurried, and was so funny to baby that she stopped crying and laughed. Then George asked mamma to put her in her cab, and he drew her up and down the garden walk until the little dear cuddled down fast asleep, and slept for two long hours, George playing near to watch her.

It was noon, and Florence came in with a four-leaf clover, saying, "Mamma, I looked all the morning for four-leaf clovers for you. But while there were hundreds and hundreds of threes, I could find but one four, and I'm tired and hot and I'm afraid one four-leaf clover will not help you much."

"Thank you, dear," said her mother. "We will press the clover in a book, and I will keep it because Florence looked so long for it for me."

"But, mamma," said George, "I haven't even one four-leaf clover to give you."

"My boy, *you* have brought mamma what is better than good luck—a happy, restful morning—by taking such good care of Baby Nell."

"Mamma," asked Florence, "when will your good luck begin because of my clover?"

"Ah, child, good luck begins for mammas when children do all they can to help them."

Florence looked sober as she said, "After all, mamma, George was himself your good luck, while I was only hunting for it."

"But mamma loves both her children; both alike tried to help her."—Alice Rich, in Christian World.

The Burlington is more than justifying its title, The Fast Mail Route. Commencing Sunday, November 4th, it places in service a third fast mail train from Chicago to the Missouri river. Twelve times since the inauguration of the Burlington fast mail service, has the government asked this railroad to shorten its time between Chicago and Council Bluffs. Every time has the Burlington complied with the request. The run is now made in ten hours and twenty-five minutes, and the fastest fast mail train in America runs over the Burlington. For more than sixteen years has the Burlington kept faith with Uncle Sam in the transportation of his mails, at times overcoming apparently insurmountable obstacles in its determination to deliver the mail on time. The development of the fast mail service has been an important factor in the upbuilding of the West; in this development the Burlington railroad has played a most prominent part.

The increasing popularity of tourist sleeping-cars for transcontinental travel is a subject of much comment among railroad men. It is said that 85 per cent of the passengers to and from California travel in tourist sleeping-cars. These cars are comfortable and not nearly so expensive as palace sleeping-cars. The Burlington railroad is doing a great deal to encourage tourist-car travel, having increased its California tourist-car service this season from once a week to three times a week.

Church News.

Northern California

Palo Alto.—Rev. J. K. Harrison occupied the pulpit Sunday morning, and Rev. Jee Gam in the evening.

Etna.—The Ladies Aid Society of the Etna church recently gave a series of entertainments and a very successful bazaar, earning thereby $200 for the Building Fund.

San Francisco Park.—A hearty call has been extended the Rev. F. V. Jones of Reno, Nevada, to the pastorate of this church. Prof. Lloyd occupied the pulpit last Sunday.

Oakland Pilgrim.—Once a year the Brotherhod of this church holds a meeting at which its lady friends are entertained. This annual occasion came around last Friday evening, and it proved to be one of value in the work of the church.

Southern California

Claremont.—The church and community are gratified to learn that Mrs. H. N. Kinney and her daughter have returned to make this place their home. Prof. A. D. Bissell, who is at Yale taking special studies in making himself generally useful in that university city. He is instructor in French in the university, and on Sundays he plays a pipe organ and leads a boy choir.

Los Angeles.—At the First church, Los Angeles, on last Sunday morning, Rev. Wm. Horace Day, junior pastor, spoke on "The Righteousness which Jesus Taught," dealing esepcially with "righteousness in motive, righteousness in worship, and righteousness in brotherhood." This was the second in the series of Sunday morning sermons on "The Ruling Ideas of Jesus," the first one being on "Sacrifice in discipleship as Taught by Jesus." In the evening, Dr. Day, senior pastor, spoke on "The Choice of an Occupation." * * * On a recent Wednesday evening, after an enthusiastic address on the work in Japan by Miss Mary Florence Denton, who is a member of the First church of Los Angeles, a thank-offering put nearly seventy dollars into the treasury of the Woman's Missionary Society. * * Forefathers' Day is to be celebrated, under the auspices of the Congregational Union of the City, in the parlors of the First church, on Tuesday evening, December 21st, by a banquet and address. For several years past, each of these annual gatherings has been a notable occasion. * * * Rev. J. H. Mallows, recently called to the pastorate of the Plymouth church of Los Angeles, was warmly welcomed to the city and to his work. After a representative of the church, the Sunday-school, the Young People's Society, and the Woman's organizations, respectively, had spoken, Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D., pastor of the First church, welcomed him in behalf of the associated churches, and Rev. J. L. Maile, Superintendent of Home Missions in Southern California, spoke for this Southland. The reply of the new pastor was equal to the occasion.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. W. H. Scudder will read a paper at the next Monday meeting of the ministers.

Four new subscribers were secured at Bethany church last Sunday.

A second and revised edition of Chaplain Drahms' work on Criminology has been published.

The Rev. B. F. Winchester, pastor of the Hassalo church of Portland, writes: "Those of our people who take The Pacific like it very much."

Please examine the label on your paper. If the subscription is not paid in advance, do not neglect to remit if it is possible for you to do so.

A Home Missionary pastor writes: "We are in great need of a buggy in order to properly work this field. The people promise to provide a horse if the buggy and harness can be secured." Here is an opportunity for a good investment—better than oil well stock. Who will take it?

The Rev. Francis Lawson writes from McCook, Nebraska: "The more your paper (our paper) is read, the more it will secure a permanent hold upon the people. Such is my experience. While it is doubtful as to my return to the Coast in person, my heart is there, and I want to keep in touch with the kind friends that made California so pleasant for our deceased daughter and her father, and therefore welcome the weekly arrival of the Pacific."

The majority for the church exemption amendment in the county of San Francisco was 7,264. Alameda county gave a majority of 722. Santa Clara county did nobly, casting 5,815 votes for the amendment to 3,534 against it. Great credit is due to the Rev. F. D. Bovard, editor of the California Christian Advocate, for this victory. Mr. Bovard was appointed by the California Conference in 1899 to take charge of a campaign for the amendment. He did his work well. Articles were early published in all the religious papers and an able presentation was made in a pamphlet, which became the working basis for briefer presentations later.

A German doctor finds that only in one case out of fifteen are both eyes in good condition.

The Question of "Emphasis of Missions."

BY J. K. McLEAN.

I note the remarks of Dr. Pond in last week's Pacific relative to the account, given by me before the Minister's meeting, of the late session of the American Board at St. Louis. It is matter for regret that my good brother had not been present on the occasion named, and heard the account at first hand, rather than to have drawn inferences from a very much condensed report of it. There would have been spared an unnecessary twist of heart-ache upon his part, and this necessary task of correction upon mine.

Fortunately, the account of the St. Louis meeting was in part written. I am able therefore to quote, *ipsissimi verba*, all that was said in relation to the "Change of Emphasis." To make the statement in question most fully understandable, I should, however, give here the introductory sentences of my address and the several points touched upon.

My remarks were introduced by saying that the St. Louis meeting was not—as some previous meetings of the Board have been—an epoch-making meeting; but that it found its great significance in being pre-eminently an epoch-marking meeting.

I. The first of these epochal tokens was found in the personality of the new presiding officer of the Board, and in the character of his first official address. The president is not, as has hitherto been the case, an eminent divine, but an eminent business man. His address was not a presentation of missionary motives, nor a discussion of mission ideals; but a plain setting forth of mission ways and means. In no sense an academic document, it was a forcible working exhibit. This was taken as representative of the fact that a chief need, perhaps the chief need of the missionary movement is, just now, recognized to be an intelligent and capable financiering. Doors are open wide enough. Men and women in great numbers are asking to be sent out. But money is wofully lacking.

II. The second intimation of a new epoch was found in the apparent fact, evinced by the comparatively small attendance at St. Louis, that great anniversary occasions are to be less depended on than formerly for furnishing dynamic force for the cause of missions. Their place, to be supplied by some other means; presumably, e. g., like that in operation this year by both parties for prosecuting the political campaign: a carefully organized system of working committees, beginning with a national committee at the center, then committees for each State, followed by committees for local associations with committee and canvasser for every local church—in a word, the so-called "Capen Plan."

III. Then came the third intimation of the new epoch in missions. And here I quote in full all that was said and exactly as it was said:

"The third intimation of a new epoch in mission is to be seen in the broader interpretation of the scope of missions, which is coming in; which already has come in. The missionary out reach is being discovered to be not so exclusively an approach to the individual heathen; but a movement, as well, against a heathen civilization. The Gospel to the individual is assumed; only assumed, however; not displaced. Christ approached the individual, but his intent all the while embraced the world. The conversion of the individual being taken for granted, the broader outreach has been *added*." (The word "added" was underscored in my manuscript.) "So that, in the language of the day, what is recognized as the paramount mission aim is, not to be content with seeking and saving a greater or less number of lost persons, but the seeking and saving also of lost civilizations; not snatching handfuls of meal out of the 'three measures' and bringing them to the leaven, but, in Christ's greater words, the hiding of the leaven within the three measures until the whole is leavened.

"This is not so much a change of method in missions, as it is a change of emphasis in the application of the method in missions. And this is a mark of progress. It adds dignity to both the missionary and his mission. The missionary is coming to be regarded not so much, as hitherto, in the light of a colporter of the good news, retailing it out, as it were, to this one and to that one; but in the light of an embassador proclaiming the good news; the initiator of a new incarnation; not as the servant of a denomination or the disseminator of a polity, but as the messenger of a new dispensation, found (like the Master) in fashion as a man, taking upon himself the form of a servant; becoming obedient unto death, yea, even the death of martyrdom; but becoming already highly exalted, and the name given unto him which is second only to the One Name, and covered already with a glory second only to the One Glory; or, if one may say it reverently, covered with the same glory—the glory of martyrdom for the Kingdom of God."

The above comprises all that was said under the head referred to in Dr. Pond's article.

The fourth paragraph touched upon, as indicative of the new epoch in missions, was drawn from the present occurrences in China—The Wider Sense of the Measures and Agencies to be Recognized in Christian Missions.t Of these additional measures and agencies it was expressly said that they were not to displace any of those hitherto employed,

which were all commended as having never been so effective as now; but added to them. The additional measures and means were specified as being great unconscious agencies —national and international, material as well as moral; agencies like unto those named in Isaiah, where Jehovah says to Cyrus, "I have surnamed thee thou thou hast not known me; I will gird thee though thou hast not known me, that they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none besides me."

In conculsion was pointed out how, as the combined product of all the influences which had been named, and of others like them, some of which are probably yet to be disclosed, there is appearing a new impetus for missions. The mission idea, as yet but imperfectly apprehended even by its most enthusiastic adherents, will be made to appear in a greater dignity and in a more transcendent grandeur, as the highest which can be entertained by the human mind.

Let me add that in drawing out this statement to such length I have not been influenced by the mere desire to defend myself from misconception in what I may have said or not said about the St. Louis meeting. That was nothing. But I did not wish the readers of The Pacific to be left in pessimistic apprehension of the real spirit and tone of that remarkable missionary occasion. I was especially desirous that no mind should be left in needless misconception as to the present ideals, the present animus, or present trend of our glorious American Board.

Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

When at Walla Walla last week a visit was made to the "great grave" of Marcus and Narcissa Prentiss Whitman and the twelve others who were ruthlessly murdered on the fateful November 29-30, 1847. The location of this historic spot is six miles west of the city of Walla Walla. A short distance a little farther west, perhaps forty rods, stands a white painted farmhouse, almost upon the exact site of the mission buildings, and a little ways south of that flows the gentle Walla Walla river, where Alice Whitman, the first child born of American parents in all this great area of the Pacific Coast, was drowned. The grave referred to is at the foot of an eminence some eighty feet high. Upon the summit of this hill there is a shaft of granite, upon the base of which the word "Whitman" is cut. Standing there in the evening glow of an October day of wondrous beauty, in the center of a great amphitheatre of more than fifty miles diameter, the mind would revert to the scenes of fifty-three years ago. Then in all this great stretch of country, as well as miles upon miles beyond in every direction, there was one unbroken solitude, save as it was penetrated by a few tribes of Indians, numbering some thousands, who roamed at will over the hills and valleys lying in the treeless country between the Blue and Cascade mountain ranges. In all this desert of bunch grass and sage brush, for the most part, there was one little oasis held by the heroic missionary band—a veritable half-way house where, for seven years at least, the home builder from East to West, wearied, worn, and almost desperate from the accumulated trials of a five and six months' journey with slow-moving teams, had found refuge, words of cheer, provisions and a "God-speed" to the "promised land" of the Willamette valley, two hundred miles farther on. With increased courage, renewed hope, and brighter spirit the writer could see in imagination the immigrant wagons with tattered covers, and men, women and children, with soiled and much worn as well as scanty clothing, file from camp into line and again take up the line of march over the homestretch of what the future historian will record, when the full story of it comes to be known, as the most remarkable event of settlement in the world's history.

Then the value of the location of the Whitman mission just where it was will be measured acording to its true worth. Whatever may have impelled Dr. Whitman to locate there originally, in direct opposition to the advice of the great chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, then to all intents and purposes the emperor of all the region from the forty-second to the fifty-fourth parallel, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific ocean, may never be fully known; but certain it is that while he expected to be of much service in christianizing the Indians, he recognized the fact tht his greatest work would be in preparing the country for the advent of the whites. But he was not seeking greatness. He simply did his duty from day to day, as he saw it, without dreaming that his name, as a result of so doing, simply, faithfully, earnestly, would be handed down to heroic spirits of earth.

At first the missionaries were welcomed. Later, the white covered wagons began multiplying, hundreds coming yearly; and as they came in single file down the western slopes of the picturesque Blue Mountains, with herds and all the appurtenances of homebuilders, an educated Delaware Indian comes upon the scene. He excites the aboriginal imagination by tales of the Atlantic seaboard, the poison enters the blood, and vengeance is in the air. The missionary is urged to abandon his ground, but he will not. His trust and that of his wife is in God. That being settled, they are content, knowing no fear. But the storm-cloud

of ignorant and savage wrath descends, the mission is destroyed, fourteen persons are killed and fifty-three taken prisoners. The larger portion of these were of such as had tarried at the mission to recruit for a time. Now, the curtain shifts. Half a century has passed. What now comes to our view? Cities, towns, villages, hamlets, farms, flocks, industries of every name—everything that man needs in the complex life of today is found in unlimited profusion, and all placed within easy reach by a net-work of rapid transportation lines. Churches, schools, and other institutions for the betterment of the race abound; and every modern invention known to the race is in daily use everywhere. In all this and through all this, the name of Whitman is intertwined, and will so remain forevermore.

At Ashland Rev. G. W. Nelson is pushing the work vigorously. Special meetings were begun last Thursday and Friday, and will be continued by the pastor all this week, preparatory to further continuance for ten or twelve days, with assistance from Superintendent Clapp, who will be here on the 25th inst.

It was a privilege to be present at the services in the Ashland Congregational church yesterday morning, Christian Endeavor and evening. In the morning Mr. Nelson's text was Matthew vii: 21-23; evening, John ix: 25. In both discourses he elucidated the text simply, yet clearly, and with much power, making a direct application in each case to the life of today. He attempts nothing but to present the simple gospel story of God's willingness to save all who will come unto him, and the need of men to be saved. This he does in dead earnest, and his efforts are beginning to tell upon the community. The church is growing in numbers and influence, and getting a hold upon the people of the city as never before.

The Christian Endeavor meeting was a good one. The attendance was more than forty—much larger than is usually found in churches of the size of that at Ashland. Another significant and noticeable fact was that every one attended the evening church service.

Mrs. Mary L. Joslyn, one of the early members of the Portland First church, passed away at Colorado Springs about November 4th. Mrs. Joslyn went to Portland with her husband, C. S. Joslyn, in 1852, from Sundarland, Mass., and at once identified themeselves with the church work there. A few years later they removed to White Salmon, Wash., remaining there until 1876, when they removed to Colorado Springs. When in Portland they were staunch workers in the church, and were of great assistance to Rev. Horace Lyman in the later part of his pastorate, and to Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, during a portion of his term of service. They celebrated their golden wedding about two years ago. Three years ago they visited the scenes of their early days upon the coast, and renewed many early acquaintances. Their home was always open, and scores enjoyed their unstinted hospitality.

Mr. James M. Huntington, a son of Rev. C. A. Huntington of Eureka, died in The Dalles some two weeks ago, after about a week's illness, leaving a wife and six children. A number of years ago he was a member of the First church of Portland. His life there was always characterized by faithfulness to every duty imposed upon him. Removing to The Dalles, he at once allied himself to the church there, and he always was found in his place, and as a natural consequence his life was a blameless one—as might be expected from being the son of his father.

The prayer meeting in the First church last Thursday evening called forth an unusually large attendance. The subject was, "The Cardinal Functions of the Church." The meeting a week previous was remarkably well attended also. Mr. Ackerman's convictions as to what ought to be taught in churches are very decided. A sentence from his sermon last Sunday wil give most clearly his views and may be considered the key to all his efforts. He said: "We often hear it stated that we will never get churches full of hearers until we give the people what they want. My opinion is that the church was not organized to give people what they want, but what they need and ought to have."

Oregon.

Beaverton.—The Beaverton church received seven accessions on Sunday, November 11th, five by letter and two on confession. The evening congregation was the largest in recent years.

Oregon City.—The Oregon City church is enjoying encouraging prosperity. Sunday, November 11th, fifteen members were received—six by letter and nine on confession. There were five adult baptisms, one of them by immersion. The finances of the church are kept in good condition and the pastor's salary paid promptly. Five hundred dollars have been expended on the church and parsonage this year in painting and improvements. A men's club, composed of the leading business men of the city, has been successfully inaugurated with Col. R. A. Miller as president. There are forty-five members, and at the initial meeting, November 12th, p. m., Hon. Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton gave an admirable lecture on "Civic Puritanism." * * * There have been some claims and counter claims among the brethren of the Washington churches in regard to priority in the use of individual communion sets in the Pacific Northwest. The Oregon City church has been using the individual communion service for

seven years. We would be pleased to hear from our Washington brethren again!

Washington.

Hillyard.—Dr. J. C. Kingsbury of Bradford, Mass., has just given the Sunday-school 69 books and the church 60 new hymnals.

Spokane Pilgrim.—At a reception given him just before his departure to Wardner, Idaho, the Rev. Jonathan Edwards said: "It only lacks a few months of fifteen years since I arrived in this city. There were then about 2,500 people here, now there are 40,000. There were then four Protestant church organizations, now there are about 50; then about 200 church members, now about 10,000. The increase in Sunday-school scholars has been proportionate. There were then twenty Congregational church members, with church property valued at $1,500; now there are 1,000 Congregational church members in the six churches and property valued at $75,000. I have had a part in erecting eight churches and parsonages in the county. I have labored longer in this city than any other minister, in all twelve and a half years. I have associated with fifteen Methodist ministers, six Presbyterian and eight Baptist. Eight different denominations have begun their work in the Congregational church during my ministry. Since the lamented death of Mr. Watson, there is no minister in active service in the city now who was here when I came. I do not say this in a boasting manner, but only that you may see how many and how strong are the ties that bind me to my work in and for this city."

Appeal of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States.

At the close of the last century a Concert of Prayer was observed by many Christians of both the old world and the new, and the united intercession was followed by unusual spiritual blessing. Accordingly, by more than one ecclesiastical fellowship abroad, and by some of our own Christian leaders, the wish for a similar World-wide Union of Prayer has been earnestly expressed, and various movements in the direction of united prayer during the coming months have actually been entered upon.

These are times of both hopefulness and dread. Light is everywhere breaking forth. In realms material, intellectual, spiritual, there is onward movement. Old ignorances and superstitions and tyrannies are breaking up. The rights and duties of the individual, the office and welfare of society, the mission of the Church, the largeness of the Kingdom itself, are better and better understood. The brotherhood of man, the Fatherhood of God, the unity in Christ of all true Christians, are taking on new meaning and new power. In spite of adverse forces, God is magnifying the witness for himself in every land.

On the other hand, there is a perilous unrest. There is a vast questioning of truths and faiths. There is haughty self-assertion. There is a disposition to count this present world of controlling moment. The sense of the Word's inspired supremacy, of sin's fatal demerit, of God's infinite grace in Christ, of love's atoning sacrifice, of eternity's decisive awards, is far too weak. The veritable kingship of our Lord, the real sovereignty of his teaching and commands, his divine pre-eminence as the way, the truth and the life, are far too lightly held.

Meanwhile, the world-movements sweep on. Nations are in commotion. Civilizations are in conflict. The coming century will be, in many ways, a decisive century. What, then, so urgent as true intercession with him who, holding supreme control, has promised to hear and answer united prayer?

It is therefore recommended, as stimulating and emphasizing the movement for united prayer, that the first Sunday of December be everywhere given to earnest consideration of the great need, and to faithful request for God's great blessing—special public and private intercession being thenceforth faithfully continued. It is also suggested that churches and individuals mark the advent of New Year's by watch-night prayer. Further, all believers are invited to devote the week (January 6th to 13th inclusive) of the new year and the new century, to special prayer for one another, for the Church Universal, and for the unsaved world.

If believers unite in the prayer of faith, remembering that faith includes the life and the works, the Kingdom will gloriously advance.

Mrs. Stanford may never be heard on the mater of the dismissal of Prof. Ross from the University faculty. But, if she does speak, it is very likely that the public will be given to understand that she is just as desirous as others are that there shall be freedom of utterance on the part of Stanford professors. Some of the developments of the last few days have shown that this professor lacks discretion. Evidently there is a side to this matter that has not been heard from. But as usual the newspapers and the general public have not hesitated to give such chastisement as pen and tongue are too prone to give.

It is a grand thing to find joy in one's work. If you have found that, you have found the heart of life. Glad service is better than great service, unless that be glad, too.—James Buckham.

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"If I were to give you an orange," said Judge Foote of Topeka, "I would simply say, 'I give you an orange,' but should the transaction be intrusted to a lawyer to put in writing he would adopt this form: 'I hereby give, grant, and convey to you all my interest, right, title and advantage of and in said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pits; and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pits; anything hereinbefore or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of any nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.' "—Kansas City Journal.

In Belfast there was a little boy who was a chimney sweep. He happened to be attracted by missions, and he contributed to a mission box a sum which was not inconsiderable for a chimney sweep—the sum of five cents. One afternoon a friend of this boy met him going along the street in an unusual condition, for his hands and his face were washed, and he was dressed in very good clothes; and the boy who was his friend said to him: "Hulloa, where are you going?" "Oh," he said, "I am going to a missionary meeting." "What are you going to a missionary meeting for?" "Well," the sweep said, "you see I have become a sort of partner in the concern, and I am going to see how the business is getting on!"

"Of course, Sarah, if you intend to get married, that's your own business; but don't forget that marriage is a very serious matter." "Yes, ma'am, I know," remarked the domestic, "but maybe I'll have better luck than you did."—Tit-Bits.

The late Francis Parkman, the historian, had the Mosaic idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street, leading a street boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked his friend. "I found that Johnny here had eaten all of the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnny watch him while he eats it."—Youth's Companion.

One day an interpreter was translating a remark of Mrs. Frances E. Clark, to the effect that she and the doctor were two carrier-pigeons, flitting over the globe and lighting here and there. The grave interpreter, without moving a muscle, declared to the natives attending upon his words that the two Americans were an old cock and an old hen flying about the world.—Congregationalist.

"No man," said a wealthy but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Mr. Curran, "how many acres make a wise-acre?"—Green Bag.

The entire population of the globe is upward of 1,400,000,000, of whom 35,214,000 die every year, 96,480 every day, 4,020 every hour, 167 minute and 1 and a fraction every second.

A German scientist has figured it out that the earth weighs 11,913,000 trillion pounds, but not even those that "want the earth" are likely to object on that account.

The new minister has a decidedly slow delivery. "Mamma," exclaimed Beth, after the service, "I wish they'd sent us a higher-geared preacher.—Judge.

Your lodge is a fine institution, and deserves your support, but it can not take the place of your Church.

"If I say," said the teacher, " 'the pupil loves his teacher,' what sort of a sentence is that?"
"Ironical," said the boy.

The baby's coming is often looked forward to as a time of dread and danger. Many women are physically unfit to become mothers. They are sick and weak

in a womanly way and may well look with fear toward the time of maternity. Intelligent preparation for this time is most essential. An athlete "trains" for months before his trial. Most women do not "train" at all and yet their trial is to be fifty times as severe as the athlete's.

During the period of gestation every woman should use every means to strengthen the organs that are to be tried. They should be kept in perfect health. The faintest symptom of disorder or disease should be promptly eliminated.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is designed to do this very thing—has been doing it for over thirty years. It is the one sure medicine for all female complaints, It is the only medicine that may be absolutely depended upon to practically abolish the pain and danger of childbirth. It is the only preparation of its kind that is the invention of a regularly graduated physician—a skilled and experienced specialist in the cure of diseases of women.

Mrs. Emerson Allen, of Dorset, Ontario Co., Ont., writes: "I was in very poor health for a long time, dating from the birth of my little girl. I tried different doctors and different medicines. I took four bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and seem to be perfectly well again."

ıe most popular man in a tern town once did up a tough manner satisfactory to the en- community. To vindicate the sty of the law, the offender brought up for trial. The jury out about two minutes. ll," said the judge, in a famil- off-hand way, "what have the to say?" "May it please the t," responded the foreman, the jury, find that the pris- is not guilty of hittin' and intent to kill, but simply to lyze; and he done it." The ict was received with applause, the prisoner given an ovation. reen Bag.

ı ex-army recalls some amus- anecdotes of the perplexity of cided recruits when asked to ıre their "religion." Said one: on't know. I'm not particular." l," replied the sergeant, "shall ay Church of England?" "All ," said the accommodating re- , "that'll do"; and, with only a idea as to what his religion supposed to be, he was con- ed to the officer for the day. n the official query was reach- What's your religion?" the em- Tommy, with but a dim rec- tion of what the sergeant had promptly replied, "Bank of land, sir."—Quiver.

Mother," said a thoughtful Bos- child to his maternal relative.

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"For about ten years I doctored continually and employed several physicians. I continued to grow worse and finally the doctors told me that my only hope was in an operation. I would not submit to this.

"Seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in the papers I decided to try them. That was four years ago. I thought they helped me and I took, in all, six boxes of the pills. They are the best medicine I ever found. No one who sees me now would believe that I had suffered so much. I do not find it necessary to take the pills now and am able to do my own housework. I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are in need of a good medicine."

(Signed) MRS. ELLEN ERLENBECK, Turin, N. Y.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

[SEAL] T. R. EVANS, *Notary Public.*

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"What is it, Waldo?" "Is Philadelphia older than Boston, mother?" "Of course not, my son. The first settlement was made in Charlestown in 1630, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until fifty-two years later." "That was always my impression, mother. But how is it that Philadelphia is mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Beg pardon!" said the postal clerk, who had sold her the stamps. "But you don't have to put a five-cent stamp on a letter for Canada." "I know," said she; "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

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